JUNE 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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ADELAIDE'S FIRST
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

HOW REAGAN FAILED TO GET GADDAFI

THE MAN BEHIND BORIS BECKER

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING DOWN UNDER

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

THRILLS AND SPILLS OF STADIUM MOTOCROSS

LIFE AFTER VASECTOMY

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PLAYBILL

Fun and games play a healthy part in this month's issue, and a more delightful figurehead for that theme than Felicity Collins would be hard to find. Yes, the same Felicity who overjoyed our readers with her Grand Prix-style centrefold last October enters the winner's circle again — this time as Australian PLAYBOY's eighth, and Adelaide's first-ever, Playmate Of The Year. Another champ, **Bob Watson**, also returns to photograph Felicity. The torrent of riches that accompanies our best and fairest lass for 1986-'87 and the cover photo of Felicity were both photographed by **Danny Nolan**.

Elsewhere in the world of winners, this month's Playboy Interview is with Ion Tiriac, the man who turned a promising teenager named Boris Becker into a two-time Wimbledon champion. **Alex Thorer** gets behind that famous Tiriac mask to reveal the mastermind beneath. Also on the subject of sports, don't miss the drift of **Leigh Hemmings**'s snow-job concerning the hows and wheres of cross-country skiing in Oz (and incidentally, fashion editor **Vitek** has organised some photo-tips on how to look the goods on the slopes), while in the Sport column, **Dan Jenkins** takes a swipe at that well-dressed pastime, golf.

Powering onward, **Rob Luck** offers a stomach-churning look at motocross racers, a super-fit lot who have taken their sport from the great outdoors into stadiums, where they are drawing huge crowds. Last, but closer to most than least on our sport parade, is saucy rodeo girl Kymberly Paige. **Richard Fegley**'s shots are sure to make you sit up.

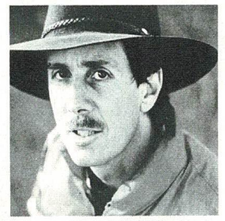
While we're on the subject, let's not forget the awe-inspiring Miss June, Claudia Kopacka, as portrayed by **Peter Weissbrich**. Nor would it be wise to overlook the vistas of rock-climber Marie - Anne Chamel, courtesy of photographer **Patrick Magaud**.

After such heavenly heights, it's back to earth with a bang in a sobering investigation by **Andrew Cockburn** called *Sixty Seconds Over Tripoli*. Working his way through all command levels, even to the pilots themselves, Cockburn shows exactly how Ronald Reagan's attempt to have Muammar Gaddafi assassinated last year in an air strike went horribly wrong. **Terry Widener** created the scintillating artwork.

A first-hand and comforting promise from **Bob Cussons** that yes, Virgil, there is life after vasectomy has been uplifted by a ripping illustration from **Nigel Buchanan**. After that, uncross your legs and chuckle through **P.J. O'Rourke**'s *Bachelor's Home Companion*, an hilarious revival of an old and honorable male tradition.

For the voyeurs among you (and who isn't?), we have a squiz at top films from both here and abroad in our annual feature, *The Year In Movies*. Backed by **Graham Barry**'s Showbiz column, plus all our other regular tidbits — such as the latest word on cider from that aesthete of alcohol, **Richard Beckett**, information of the sexual kind from irrepressible **Bettina Arndt**, a Men column from **Steve Bunk** on fighting, juxtaposed with **Susan Kurosawa**'s Women column on manners — this is one June in which we're sure a good time will be had by all.

COCKBURN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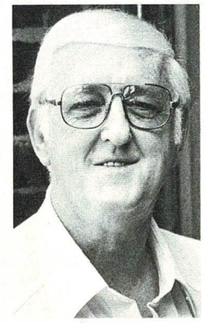
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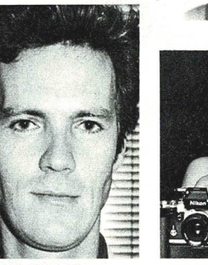
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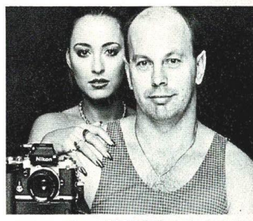
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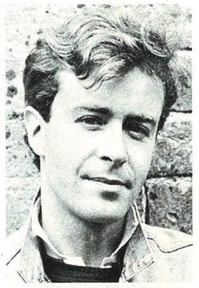
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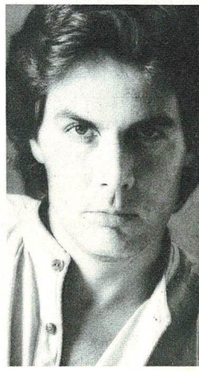
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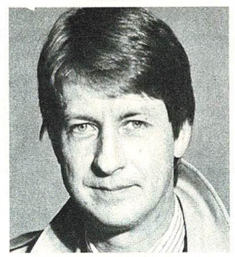
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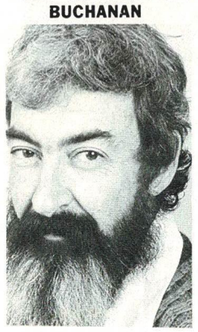
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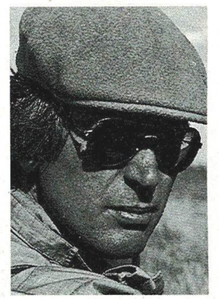
LUCK

BUNK

KUROSAWA

"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."

JWT 072P1613 K1

Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.

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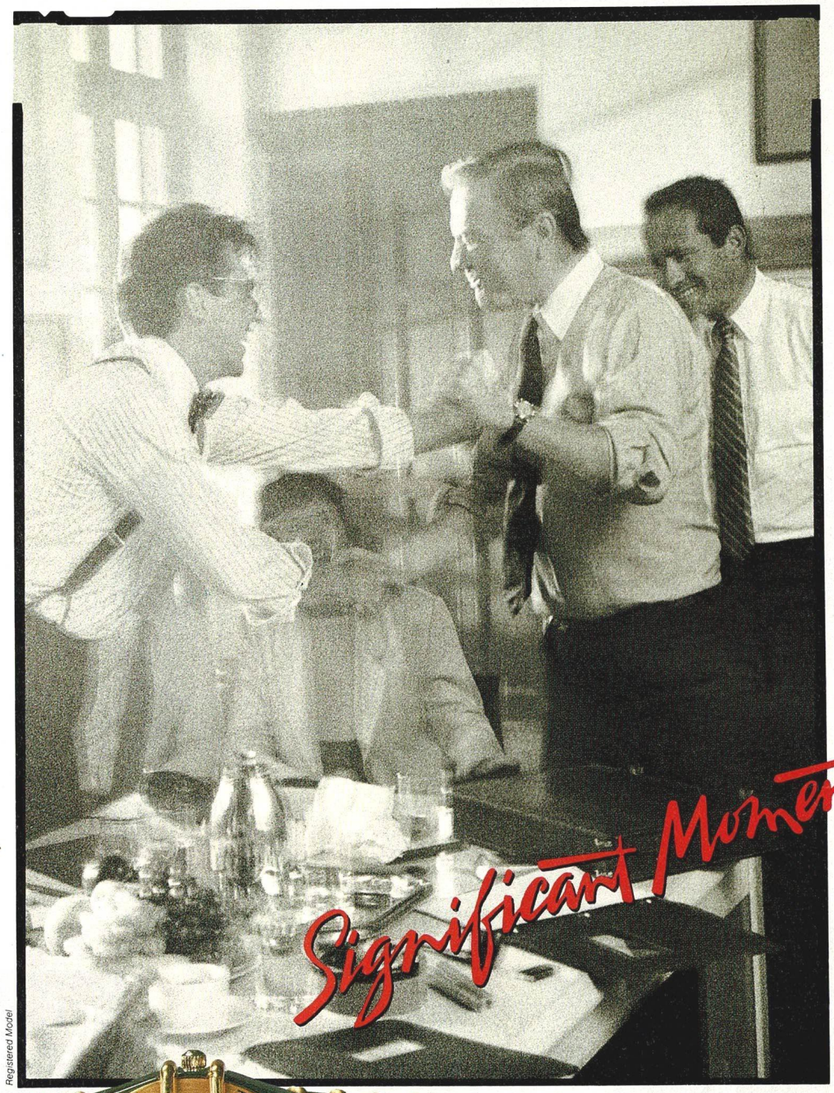

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Photographed by Daniel Nolan.

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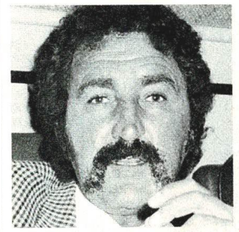

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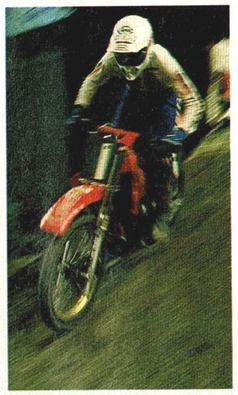

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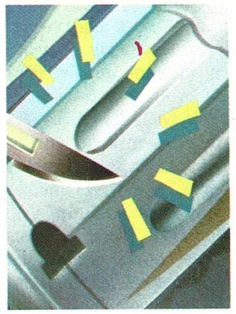

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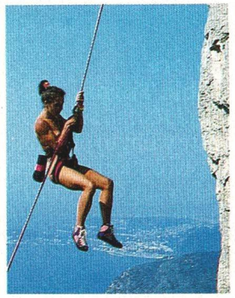

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SEX
News and views from our resident sexpert Bettina Arndt.

A NEW ANGLE FROM HEAD SKIS

When we introduced the radial ski last year, we knew we had something good. But we had no idea it was *that* good.

The reaction of skiers, to put it mildly, has been overwhelming. So this year, we're applying the same winning radial concept to all our skis.

Easier, More Predictable Turns.

The Head Radial skis incorporate what to our mind is the most revolutionary advance in ski design since Howard Head invented the aluminium ski:

Head's unique - and patented - radial sidewall.

Unlike vertical sidewalls on conventional skis, radial sidewalls are angled. This results in a narrower top laminate, which lengthens the torsional flex zone. And smooths the distribution of torsional flex, thus bringing more of the ski's edge into contact with the snow for easier, more predictable turns.

The Ski That Saves You Energy.

Fatigue is a skier's number one enemy.

The revolutionary radial sidewall allows Head engineers to bring both torsional flex and longitudinal flex into total harmony with Head's unique single radius sidecut.

Result: a ski that carves so easily, you swear it's turning itself.

A ski so stable, you can exceed your limits without losing control.

A ski so efficient, you can ski longer with less effort. And less fatigue.

Test Ski A Pair

We're so convinced you'll ski better on Head Radials, we guarantee your satisfaction.

Put them in competition with your present skis, and we think you'll come away with the same conclusion: from every angle, the Head Radial is a winner.

HEAD
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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

BECKY LE BIG

Your luscious model/vocalist Becky LeBeau in *Making It Big* from the February issue of Australian PLAYBOY is unbelievably beautiful.

If your photographers can produce a better pictorial this year, I'll run down the street naked while eating the pictures!

T.E.,
Hobart, Tas.

We'd like to think our pictorials only get better and better, but we're not sure if the residents of fair Hobart are ready for this kind of behavior — Ed.

TOP INTERVIEWS

I must congratulate you on the string of unbelievable interviews you've been running lately. What with Craig Johnston, Phil Collins and Don Johnson in recent issues, I can't imagine who you'll come up with next!

Australian PLAYBOY really keeps my hands full each month.

C.C.,
Brisbane, Qld.

Try imagining Ion Tiriac, the mastermind behind tennis ace Boris Becker. Our Playboy Interview with Tiriac starts on page 29 and, hey, there are six more terrific interview subjects in store this year — Ed.

GREAT ISSUES

I think congratulations are in order for April Australian PLAYBOY, particularly for the artwork. However, before I get to that, may I say that besides looking great in her surfing snaps and coming over as a nice person in her 20 Questions, the full page piccie of Pam Burridge shows she's just as stunning to look at as the women in your other pictorials. And that includes Janet Jones and Stephanie Beacham, even if they are big stars! Dare we hope that she might one day show a bit more of herself in your pages?

Enough of that! What I also wanted to mention was that eerie picture of the koala with the noose round its neck *(Ocker Chic)*. At first I was a bit offended by it, but when I read the story and understood the point that was being made about how different we are from our old image I could see it was quite appropriate. Also that poster-style opener for the Aussie Rules predictions was really original. And how about those three identical photos in *Crisisweek* which all mean different things!

Not being nasty, you understand, but you certainly left your rather seedy competitor for dead with this issue!

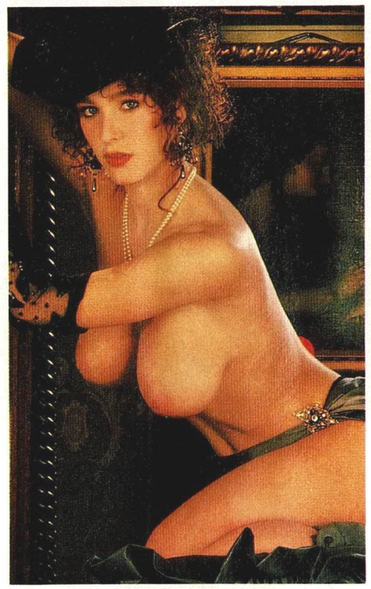
B.G.,
Petersham, NSW.

TRUE BRIT

I'd always thought Pommie girls were a bit plain until I got hold of a copy of April Australian PLAYBOY and took a long, long look at your Great Briton, Marina Baker. More, please!

Ian J.,
Panania, NSW.

This is just a small, small pic of Marina but we still think it's worth another long, long look — Ed.



CRISIS UPON CRISIS

Your article *Crisisweek* couldn't have come at a better time. It's getting so you can almost tell which paper a person reads by how nervous they look. Sure, it's great that we should be alerted to potential dangers like AIDS, but the hysteria generated by sheer misreporting for the sake of a scare headline is just unforgiveable.

Worse still, supposedly responsible politicians actually believe them — or at least, they are so concerned that the general public will believe them that they develop policies according to how the press will treat them. With a parliamentary term which at three years must be the shortest in the world, the government is continually looking over its shoulder to make sure it isn't offending anyone in an election year.

At least the current rash of headlines is less boring than the endless saga of the *Herald And Weekly Times* takeover soap opera that preceded it. Why the media thought the general public had any real interest in this kind of thing I can't imagine. They carefully played down the real significance: that one media magnate was about to gain control of the vast majority of the nation's newspapers, and the Labor government, which he'd helped to tip out in 1975, was keeping strangely quiet about it.

Nor did the media make it clear in their shock horror about our foreign debt, that most of those billions were generated by takeover battles just like this one.

A.P.,
Nowra, NSW.

I'm beginning to think a crisis doesn't exist until the newspapers decide it does. Suddenly everybody's up in arms over Irangate, or Contragate or whatever. But Reagan had been saying all along that he would be supplying his army of rent-a-guerillas in Nicaragua with arms and money by fair means or foul, even when Congress was saying they wouldn't condone it. Similarly Watergate itself was public knowledge even before Nixon was re-elected, as was the fact that the people who perpetrated it had CIA connections. The only difference seems to have been that the American people didn't want to believe that their president was implicated until the newspapers thrust it down their throats.

At least in these cases the manufactured crisis had a worthy outcome. But why weren't the facts investigated and revealed at the time, instead of just being blandly reported?

I understand what you're getting at in your article, but the fact is that sometimes a scandal exists which we don't recognise until a newspaper gives it banner headlines. *Then* it becomes a crisis. It would have been a sorry state of affairs if these things hadn't eventually come to light, but at first we weren't prepared to take any notice.

J.R.,
Adelaide, SA.

SKY HIGH

Was that trick photography or what? I refer to the cloud shaped like a bunny head on your March After Hours page. Great stuff! It amazes me how you guys come up with these things.

Frank S.,
Geelong, Vic.

Don't forget we pay $25 for submissions to the After Hours page. We especially like crazy photographs so keep those contributions coming in — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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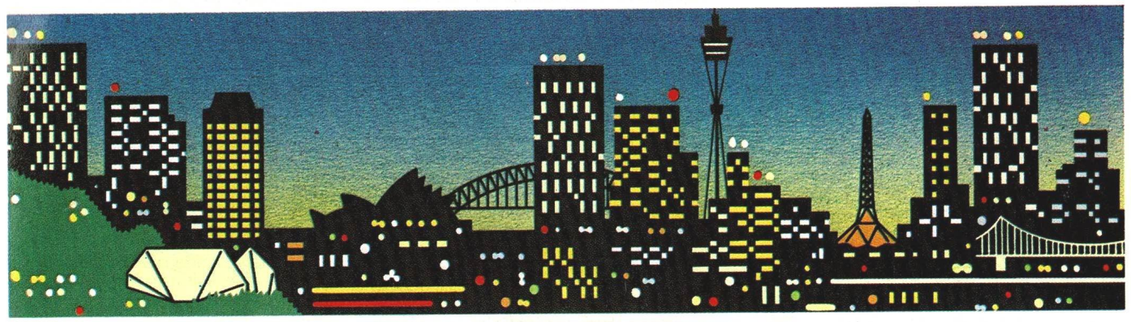
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE PLAY'S THE THING

We've heard of the theatre of the absurd and the theatre of cruelty but in Finland they seem to have merged. At Oulu recently, students are reported to have stripped naked, let off stink bombs, slashed their arms with razor blades, set fire to seats and thrown human excrement at the audience. The patrons, mainly invited dignitaries and journalists, ran from the theatre while the four students fled. The theatre manager said they were arrested a few hours later while attempting to board a train for Helsinki. The Finnish Minister For Culture called for an inquiry and said funding for the National School Of Arts' theatre course could be withdrawn.

Of course we're used to muck-up day at school in Australia but we trust that NIDA would act with more decorum.

LIFE IMITATES ART

We have read with a certain incredulity a report that the sheriff of Morris County, Kansas, rented a video camera and a VCR and bought himself a blank tape to make some X-rated home movies of himself and Mrs Sheriff. A 90 minute videotape of them frolicking in the sack was accidentally left in the VCR, which was returned to the store and rented out again, tape still inside. At last report an estimated 200 copies were in circulation and more were being sought through ads in the local paper.

But didn't something like this happen to Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo in last year's big box office smash, *National Lampoon's European Vacation?* Except that their antics made it to the big screen as well. Or are we being too cynical about urban myths?

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

America is of course the Land of Opportunity, and anyone can become the Cutest Baby On Earth — or so thought the 600-odd doting moms who entered their offspring for the contest at Chalmette, Louisiana. Interviewed outside the courthouse, Lt Hiram Whooper of the State Police said, "When we arrived, a group of mothers, some of whom had been waiting six hours to have their child judged, had begun singing *America The Beautiful* to drown out the judges' comments, while another group was booing and shouting things like 'Snotface' and 'Meatball' each time a new contestant reached stage centre.

"Finally, when the principal organiser, Mrs Hilarity Jones, came to the microphone, she was pelted with a shower of baby bottles and kiddie crowns. In reply she shouted, 'None of you can have your money back!' and kicked the grand trophy, an eight-foot high dummy, into the audience.

"At this point we made the first of 50 arrests."

POET OR KING?

One of our roving correspondents insists that this statue in Edinburgh Castle is of Robbie Burns. We feel there has been a slight case of mistaken identity and that it is in fact Robert the Bruce, who saved Scotland from the Brits. How can we be so sure? Well, poets were always much hornier than kings. . . and they had bigger dicks. Thanks to Peter K. Smith of *Let's Travel* magazine for another sterling contribution.

SPORTING QUOTES

Whoops! Straight from our Run That One Past Us Again Department come these words of wisdom from the world of sport. The sports information director at the University of Missouri was telling his colleagues recently how he had improved at his job. "I used to have the worst time remembering names," he said. "Then I took that Sam Carnegie course [*How To Win Friends And Influence People*] and I've been all right ever since."

And how about the anglophile gridiron player with the Seattle Seahawks who was asked after a hugely successful career which record he would treasure most when he retired and replied, "Probably the Beatles' white album."

At least he's got good taste.

Not to be outdone, another footballer, with the New York Giants, when asked for details about his autobiography, answered, "It's going to be about me."

A STORY TO SET YOUR TEETH ON EDGE

In the outback you'd be perfectly justified in knocking a bloke's teeth down his throat in self-defence. But the Poms do things differently. A key witness in a trial at Froxley, Easthampton, a newsagent rejoicing in the name of Mr Tudor Candleman, said in evidence: "A man, whom I now recognise as the accused, entered my shop and began to browse among the girlie magazines. After about 30 minutes I asked him if he had decided which magazine to buy. He replied: 'I am not buying anything. I own this shop. I inherited it last week.'

"When I told him that his words were ridiculous, he drew a knife and came towards me shouting his lies out loud. The only thing handy for my defence was the shop's new vacuum cleaner. So I switched it on and stuck its nozzle in his face. Then the nozzle sucked out his false teeth and he fled into the street."

It might be wise to take out a subscription to have Australian PLAYBOY delivered, just in case any newsagents take this story to heart. Especially if you have false teeth and a tendency to browse.

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Such a car is destined to become a classic…such a car is the Honda Integra SX16. A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

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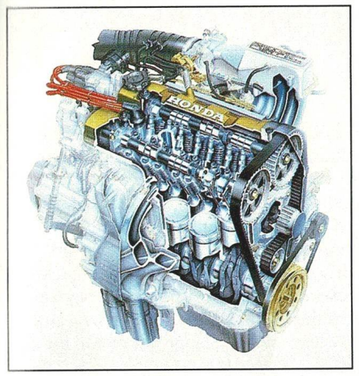
Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.

Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34. All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.

There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring. There's a



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The power of precision

BOOZE

When it comes to good apple brandies, French calvados is definitely top of the tree.

Together with wine, cider is one of the world's oldest alcoholic drinks, mainly because the juice of the apple, like the juice of the grape, will turn itself into booze if left to its own devices. Making beer is much more difficult — it actually requires a great amount of intelligence, skill and general know-how to get it right. Maybe that's why the world's beer drinkers (the Poms and the Krauts for instance) tend to feel a tad superior to other races.

And maybe that's why cider hasn't exactly taken the world by storm, although it is certainly tasty and can be exceedingly alcoholic. Perhaps it has somehow been regarded as a drink for the dull-witted.

Back in the dim distant past (before World War II), the standard ration for harvest laborers in Britain was two gallons of the stuff a day (one would have liked to see the hayfields at the end of the day after that amount of booze had been run through them). I gather that this ration was dropped when the combine harvester was invented and there had been several appalling head-on collisions in the wheat fields.

Anyway, a certain amount of cider is made in this country. Although one can find dry, still cider from time to time (my personal favorite), most of it, no matter what the brand, is slightly sparkling and ranges from sort of dryish to rather fearsomely sweet. I go for the dry end of the scale every time.

In the winter it is pleasant because it can be drunk at room temperature. And I feel that it tastes better this way. A pleasant glass of cider, a log fire and some suitable snack material at hand make for a very warming evening without much fuss.

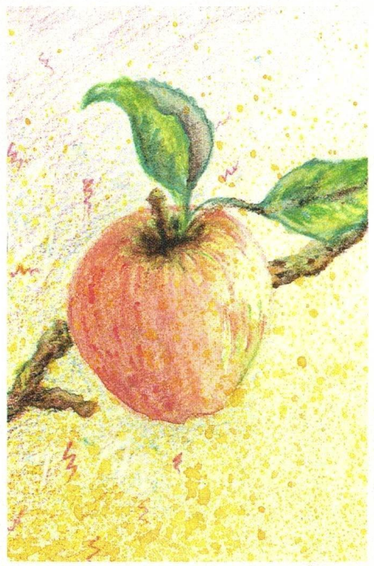
The other pleasant thing about cider and firelight and all that nonsense is that it tastes good hot, much in the manner of mulled wine. The fizz will come out of it, of course, but that doesn't matter much. If you can get a dry, still cider in the first place, so much the better. Another word of warning: heat the stuff in an enamel saucepan and use a wooden spoon. Cider reacts in a peculiar fashion with some metals, turning them black. So those of you out there who are very rich should avoid dragging out the silver spoons and heating pots and godknowswhatall.

To make a straight, warmed cider, pour a bottle into a saucepan, add a couple of cloves, a stick of cinnamon, some brown sugar if you fancy it sweet, and two or three good-sized parings of orange peel. Warm the mixture to blood heat and serve in mugs. For alcoholic perfection add a generous dash of calvados, that pleasant applejack that comes from Normandy.

If you can't be bothered with all that heating fiddle, another sworn-by cold cure is a glass of cider, "qualified with brandy" as the 18th-century recipe has it. It is simply a glass of cider with a shot of brandy. If the cider is sparkling it is a sort of poor man's champagne cocktail and just about as murderous taken in quantity.

If you are given to that English custom of partaking of a glass of punch on a misty winter's evening, there are a number of good ones around. My favorite is a cold one which is fairly formidable.

To make it you will need a large bowl and a nice solid piece of ice. I always find that punch made with ice cubes waters itself to nothing far too quickly. The other ingredients are two large bottles of cider, half a bottle of gin or vodka, half a bottle of dry or semi-dry sherry, two sliced oranges and one sliced lemon, some crushed fresh mint leaves and soda water to taste. Pour all the ingredients over the ice in the bowl, add the sliced fruit and the crushed mint leaves, give it a whirl around with a wooden spoon and let it stand for 15 minutes or so before serving.



I happen to prefer gin over vodka in this punch, but if you have a feeling that it might be a bit weird for your palate, make a glassful up to try out first — some cider, a measure of gin, a dash of sherry and so on.

And now we get to the distilled essence of the apple. Although one can get apple brandies of a sort from other parts of the world, the best is still calvados. At its best it is as fine as any French cognac, but the really good stuff is difficult to come by. Like brandy, calvados is usually a blend of spirits of a number of years. Vintage calvados should be at least 15 years old. I've read from time to time that most of today's calvados is not of the highest quality because during World War II the Germans drank all the good old stuff and used the rest to drive their tanks. Well, World War II is a damned sight more behind us than 15 years. So I don't think that excuse will hold up for much longer. But it still gets trotted out for a glass of something that makes you fall to your knees and pray for forgiveness. Some cheap calvados that finds its way to Australia is monumentally awful but most of it is FAQ (that's fair average quality to you). As it's not a line that sells in any great quantity, it's not going to be discounted. In other words you get the quality you pay for. Most of the tolerable calvados on the market doesn't leave much change out of $30 for a bottle.

A good calvados is best taken neat, as a *digestif* after dinner, and should be treated in much the same manner as a good cognac. However, if it is a run-of-the-mill offering, you can turn it into a hot toddy.

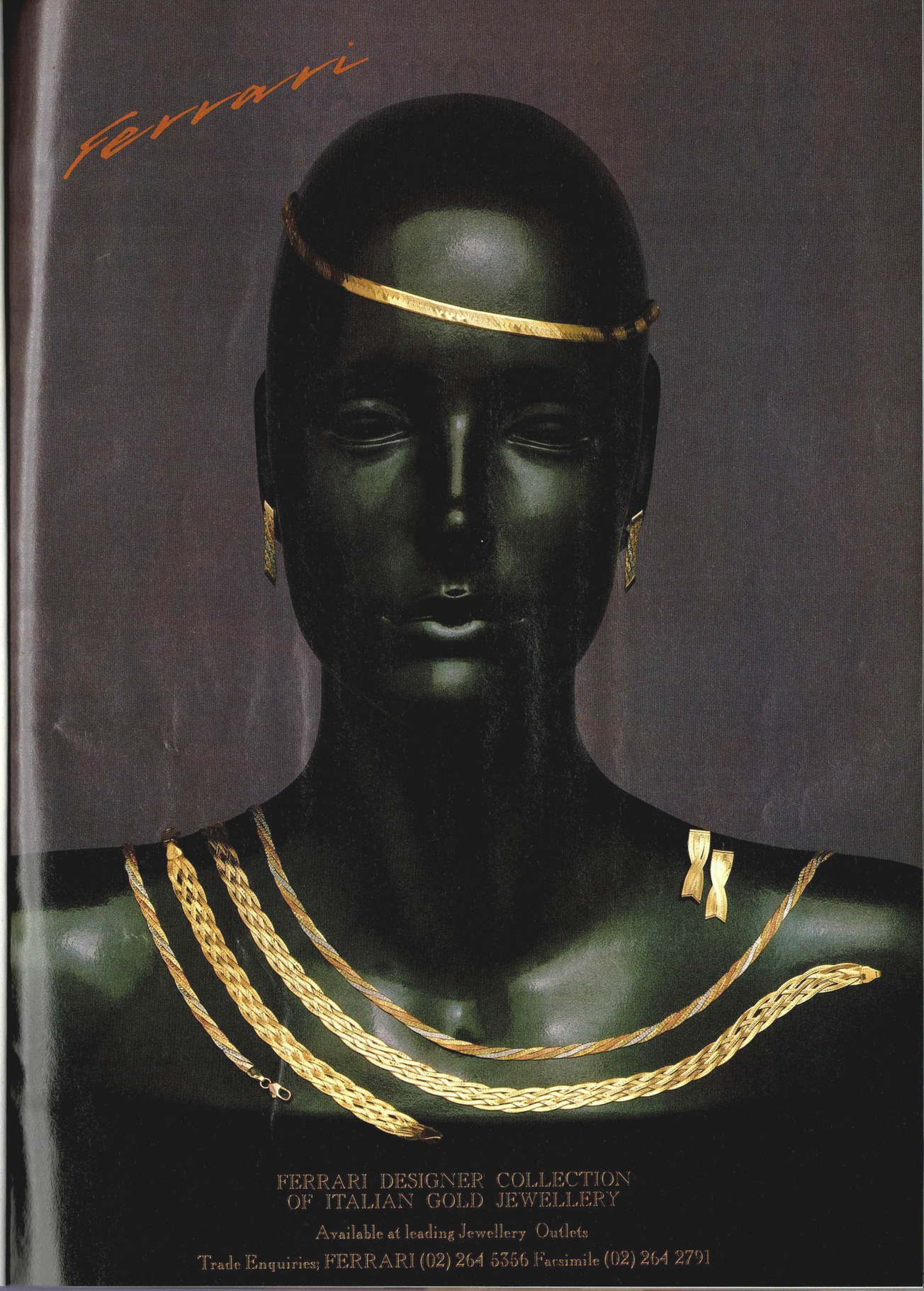
To make a calvados hot toddy, take two measures of the apple brandy, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 2 cloves, a stick of cinnamon and one slice of lemon. Put all the ingredients into a pottery mug and carefully pour in some boiling water to taste. Mix and enjoy.

If you are given to cooking, cider can be used in place of white wine in any meat dish, although the flavor will of course be slightly different. Pork cooked in cider is excellent. Calvados can be used in place of brandy — but given its price I would stick with a glass of local brandy rather than pour liquid gold over the hogget chops.

The most famous Norman-French dish involving both cider and calvados is *tripes a la mode de Caen,* in which squares of tripe, together with chopped onion, carrots, parsley, bay leaves and leeks, all covered with cider plus a glass of calvados, are cooked in a very low oven for between eight and 12 hours. It is made more glutinous by the addition of a calf's foot (in this country a pig's knuckle is usually substituted).

The usual first course to this formidable meal is a dozen oysters. Chilled jug cider is drunk throughout the meal and at the end one has a dozen or so *trous Normandes* (glasses of calvados). Not a feed for the faint-hearted. Come to think about it, maybe one does have to have a few kangaroos in the top paddock to have a bash at that. — RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY NIKKI GOLDSTEIN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WOMEN

Manners maketh man. They'll also make the woman in your life a lot happier with your relationship.

When we shut our front doors and enter that peculiar state of togetherness that constitutes a marriage or live-in relationship, manners all too often fly out the window.

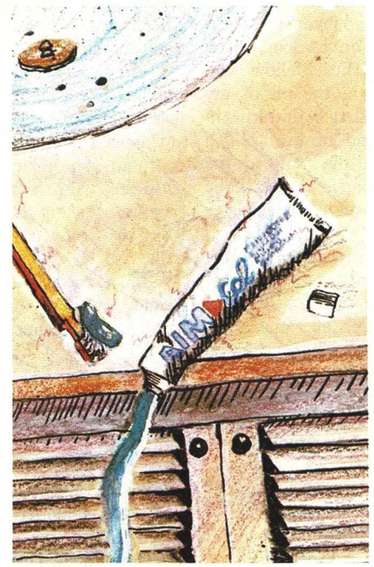
Just as we shed our working clothes and slouch into our favorite tracksuits or, worse, dressing gowns, we tend to fling aside our public persona — including that veneer of politeness so necessary for social survival. And words such as please or thank you may well be cast away as easily as work-worn socks or overalls. These little verbal niceties may not, in fact, get an airing until next we set foot outside the connubial nest.

I'm not suggesting for one second that male or female cohabitants should be leaping around their shared home opening doors, pulling out chairs, twittering pleasantries and asking if it's okay to use the dental floss or change the cat's flea collar. But, on the other hand, if you're the sort of fella who uses the last piece of loo paper and never shoves a fresh roll on the holder, you may just need to take note of the following pointers on domestic etiquette:

Bathroom behavior: More relationships have failed over tubes of toothpaste squeezed in the middle than you or I may care to consider. Bathrooms are a minefield of potential grounds for divorce. You'd do well to remember that the floor is not the most convenient place for a used towel, that if you stay under the shower for half-an-hour there's every chance there'll be no hot water left for her, and if you use the final squeeze of her hair gel, at least tell her.

I came perilously close to divorce once when I was getting ready for a gala night out and found he'd used my last skerrick of hair-styling mousse to settle an unruly moustache. As for *her*, she must be trained not to use your razor without permission. I can imagine nothing more frustrating than trying to shave your beard with a razor clogged with dead bikini-line hair and great globs of herbal-scented ladies' shave foam. And if *you* take out the tweezers, vitamin pills, cotton wool buds or suntan lotion from the bathroom cabinet, don't develop amnesia about putting them back.

Early morning manners: There are people who rise at the pip of six full of cheer and chatter. There are those who need to be dragged out by the feet 20 minutes before their train is due. No matter what type you are, I hope you've had the foresight to team up with a kindred spirit. No? Okay, if you're the early bird, don't try to convert her to your routine. If you must commune with the morning, do it in the backyard. Push-ups by the bed, ZZ Top full blast in the lounge-room or the coffee grinder on full bore in the kitchen are the stuff of very ugly scenes.



If you're the layabout sort, demand she have equal respect for your desire to remain under the blankets but politely suggest that a cup of tea in bed at, say, 8.15 on work mornings might make you less of a bear with a sore head.

Sexual sociability: No, there's no need to ask for permission to nibble an ear or tickle a tummy, but do try and tune into her needs, particularly at *that* time of the month or, worse, during the unpredictable PMTs. You'll know she's got the PMTs because she'll do silly old things like putting her shoes in the fridge or chasing you with an axe.

Unless she's obviously ready and willing for sex, *ask* her if she feels like a bit before you swing to the bed from the curtain rails and land spreadeagled on top of her. And if *you* don't feel like sex (it happens, I'm told, about once every 11 years), don't be afraid to refuse. Politely, of course.

Dinner for eight: If you're the kind of cad who invites eight of your mates home to dinner at an hour's notice, you deserve to sleep shacked up with the doberman for at least a week. If you do get away with this behavior, make damned sure you don't let them troop into the kitchen as she's trying to chop coriander with one hand and save a curdling hollandaise sauce with the other. Don't tell her that she's making a bloody production out of a dinner party for eight, and if you tell the guests that she *bought* the pheasant terrine and the strawberry flan, you deserve to *die*, you idiot.

Other common breaches of cohabitative courtesy include picking up the novel she's reading, losing her place, then turning down the corner of the page you're up to, and changing the TV channel to the footy replays without asking. Then there's pulling all the blankets off the bed every time you turn over, making a snack out of the cold chicken in the fridge that she had thought was dinner, and plonking yourself near the phone while she's having a conspiratorial chat with her best girlfriend.

Marriages and live-in relationships have a higher degree of survival, I reckon, if they have built-in escape routes. Two bathrooms, separate studies, large living areas and private nooks on the verandah provide a perfect degree of separation. Such spaciousness is not always available, of course, so try to create a lifestyle which encompasses a degree of independence. This doesn't mean she should do Asian cooking classes every darned night while you play squash.

But your separate lives should extend beyond the one you share together. Couples who really revel in being together are the ones who don't spend too much time in each other's company.

In fact, if you organise your lives well enough, you may just find she's too polite and carefree to even mention your penchant for squeezing the midriff of the toothpaste tube. She'll be too busy enjoying being with this terrific new guy who happens to look familiar. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

GOOD MANNERS PRIMER

Your chances of everlasting domestic bliss will be multiplied if you:

1. Walk the dog without being asked.
2. Do not throw out the weekend papers before she's read them.
3. Do not take the sports section out of the weekend papers and throw them away immediately.
4. Agree with her when she says you snore.
5. Ask before you borrow her sweatband or gym bag.
6. Give her at least a week's warning if you invite guests over.
7. Never pretend you can't hear the doorbell, particularly when she's in the kitchen elbow-deep in spaghetti.
8. Don't crush beer cans on the parquet floors.
9. Always put the toilet seat down.
10. Spend at least two nights a week on an activity that has nothing to do with your relationship with her. (This means darts or carpentry classes, you jerk, not messing around with your aerobics instructor.)

ILLUSTRATION BY NIKKI GOLDSTEIN

MEN

Fighting never solved anything. A real winner doesn't need to resort to the old snort-and-paw routine.

There is nothing automatic about fighting," Norman Mailer once wrote. "At the least one dares profound humiliation."

I was glad to read that, since the macho American writer had in his youth a reputation for the will if not the way to use his fists. Fighting certainly never came easy for me: at least part of the reason I got into my last scrap was to prove something, God knows what, to myself.

That was about 15 years ago (and here I am still indirectly scoring dinner off it — ah, the romance of knuckle cuisine). It was at Thredbo, where my erstwhile girlfriend was shacking up with a member of a motorcycle gang called the Wild Gypsies. At the time, the Gypsies were second in notoriety only to the fabled Hell's Angels.

Two friends and I arrived at a cabin in the woods, where I was to retrieve some belongings that my ex had made off with. I marched up and rapped on the door, trying to ignore the smarmy little fellow who sprawled on his back in the pit of my stomach, legs and arms already fluttering in submission. A girlfriend of my Delilah appeared and pointed the way to the contraband. I was slogging in and out of the cabin with armfuls of boxes when the bikies materialised.

One guy was smaller than me and slurry from what I judged to be a combination of booze and barbiturates. He stumbled through the rooms after me, making it known that he was a mate of the Gypsy who had appropriated my fallen angel. His stream of abuse was close-up, malodorous, non-stop, but worst of all, uninventive. At last, he exasperated me into telling him to shut up, and that did it.

The drunk hoed into me like a couple of escaped fire hoses. I was trying to fit a TV into my car and, being a methodical sort, I continued to address that problem before moving on to the next. This wasn't hard, his blows being for the most part noodle-like, rather as if I were being thrashed with limp tagliatelle. Then he got a good lash in, and another.

Suddenly I was incensed. Not just indignant, not taken aback, but immediately, murderously, pissed off. A link to the primal in us is the potential to lose all reason without warning, and it was in this state that I started swinging. They were just arm-punches, without the body follow-through of the real thing, because I hadn't had enough practice to be a good fighter. Even so, it didn't take more than two or three whacks and my foe went down, just like that. I was shocked; it was so easy. But I also was still mad, and I jumped on the woeful Gypsy with both knees, the better to biff him a few more times. Then, just as suddenly as my anger had come, it disappeared, and there I was, straddling a diminutive drunk in the dirt, feeling foolish.

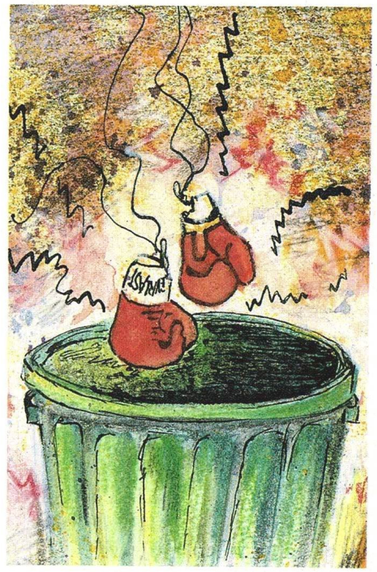
"Okay, mate, let's talk about this," I offered.

"You're no mate of mine," he rejoined, "and I don't talk to shitheads."

Remembering that my real mates, George and Kevin, were on hand, I looked up. A half-dozen bikies stood around them. George was grinning maniacally and Kevin, who tends to go quiet under pressure, looked ready to nod off.

"C'mon, scumbag, let's get it on," quoth one leather-jacketed poet and he walloped Kevin flush on the jaw.

Kevin, a powerful pacifist, waved off the blow with what looked like a yawn and replied, "No, thanks, I'd rather not if you don't mind."



George started cackling like a madman as Kevin's assailant looked around, confused. The bikie unloaded another tremendous right, bang on Kevin's chin.

"Really, no, thanks," said Kevin through the same shoo-fly motion of his hand.

The bikie squinted, turned puce, spun around and staggered off, defeated. George laughed even louder. Then the biggest Gypsy, a monstrously fat bearded blob, got off his hog and King Konged over to where I still held down his squirming mate.

"If you don't leggo mah brutha," his voice boomed like the giant at the top of the beanstalk, "I'm gonna kick your head in."

In front of my face was a boot the size of a battleship. I leggo his brutha, who popped up, grabbed my hair and bit me in the lower back. With my head still pulled backward, I rolled my eyes toward my mates and said, "Can you believe it? This animal's *biting* me." All three of us burst into fits of laughter.

Eventually, the girl who lived at the cabin mustered the sense to tell everybody she had called the cops and we'd better clear out fast. The bikies roared away, shouting death threats, I packed up the rest of my gear and we three drove off. It was quiet for some minutes as I nursed my wounds and Kevin, who amazingly was unmarked, gazed out the window. Then George started in again with that manic high-pitched cackle of his and before long, all three of us were cracking up. What else could we do? The whole scene had been completely moronic.

As for Mailer's "profound humiliation", the bloke who copped that was the one who couldn't provoke Kevin to fight. Kevin's absolute disdain of the Gypsy on that day has remained with me as the most manful reaction to a proposed punch-up that I've ever witnessed. Despite the TV, novel and movie guys slam-banging their ways into hearts and knickers, Kevin never did buy the old snort-and-paw-the-dirt routine. His contempt of it was towering.

Such an attitude seems to elude many men in the confused 1980s, as we vacillate between machismo and sensitivity, uncertain of what stance to take on a subject that is at the very core of our masculinity. We know what Fenech and Bugner would do, we know what the reaction of Eastwood, Bronson, Stallone and the rest would be in such moments of truth, and we know the dictates of our own cultural history. All this role-modelling goes far beyond the mere ability to use our fists. It's a whole way of being that speaks of self-reliance, certainty not found often enough in an age of options.

That's what the vigilante cult in entertainment has been feeding on: our inability to develop some kind of grace under the pressures of the you've-got-it-all, now-*use*-it '80s kind of thinking.

If that day in Thredbo recurred now, would Kevin respond in the same way he did 15 years ago? What if a girlfriend of his were there, say one who had been convinced by the media that it's feminine to get sucked into the glam-romance of watching her man kick arse?

I like to think that the option he chose was timeless. I think he would do the same thing again. — STEVE BUNK

ILLUSTRATION BY NIKKI GOLDSTEIN

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SPORT

Learn a few simple rules about golf and you too will be able to beat all those corporate arseholes.

Since Greg Norman started wearing that silly hat and appearing in countless TV commercials it seems as if just about every Australian is playing golf. So I feel now is the time for me to share some tips with you on how to lower your handicap. They come from my library of rare, out-of-print instruction books.

From *How To Play Your Best Golf With Corporate Arseholes:*

THE GRIP: Get a firm grip on your credit cards, otherwise you'll have to buy all the drinks and pay for lunch. Rich guys never pay for shit.

THE STANCE: Never stand next to one of the dickheads at a cocktail party. He'll try to tell you this golf joke he heard in Bermuda.

THE CLUBS: Check out the social functions at any club before you apply for membership. If you see a lot of the white shoe brigade around, forget it.

THE BAG: That's what you put over the head of some corporate arsehole's wife to keep her from telling you about her plans to redecorate their holiday home in Noosa.

PRACTICE: What you mainly practise is how not to leave an empty chair at any table where you sit. Some corporate arsehole will always sit down and take you through the full 18 holes of this Pro-Am he played in, and tell you how he could have beaten his pro if it hadn't been for this new set of irons he was trying out.

LESSONS: Who from? The pros at your club couldn't make it on the PGA playing circuit, so what the hell do they know about anything?

From *Better Golf Occasionally Instead Of When You Least Expect It:*

TEE SHOTS: Your tee shot should always wind up in the fairway (mowed surface), ideally about 250 metres from where you swung at it. Make sure the golf ball is in the fairway before taking your next swing. This may entail throwing the ball into the fairway from the rough, from behind a tree, from out of sand, or even out of water, but it is essential. There are remote parts of the country where you may incur a penalty stroke for throwing your ball into the fairway, but it is still the best strategy. By and large, you will make a lower score on the hole if you *do not* try to hit your golf ball out of weeds, trees, sand, or, it should go without saying, water.

LONG IRONS: These are the 1, 2 and 3-irons. Break all of them in half immediately. Throw them in the nearest river, lake, creek, ocean or sewer, depending on the type of layout your club has. If you insist on trying to hit a long iron now and then, be sure to whistle a happy tune as you swing and don't take the task too seriously.

SHORT IRONS: You will rely on these clubs more than any others, particularly the 7-iron and 9-iron, which were so good to you in your youth. You will use them for chipping around the greens, and for chipping and pitching out of front lawns across the street from the golf course. Both clubs are useful for fetching golf balls out of shallow water. The 7-iron hurls better when slung at a tree trunk, but the 9-iron is capable of taking deep, nasty, vicious divots out of the fairways after your shot has gone astray.

SAND WEDGE: Since you are never going to be in sand, you do not need this club during your round of golf, but keep it handy for beating on the hood of your car after an exceptionally frustrating round. The sand wedge, as no other club, can put some memorable dents in the hood of a car.

PUTTERS: The golfer cannot own too many putters. Today's average club golfer has between 50 and 75 putters at his disposal. Why so many? Because no other club in your bag can break your heart quicker than a goddamn, motherfucking putter. The sons of bitches were invented to let you down. Rotate putters regularly, never allowing one of them to con you into thinking it is the most reliable. Use a putter before it uses you! Make a few putts with one putter, then switch to another. Talk to your putters and tell them you know what they are up to, but make it clear that you have them outsmarted. It is perfectly all right to call any of your putters a rotten, no-good, miserable, low-life cocksucker.

From *Piss On Par (What Par Doesn't Know Can't Hurt It):*

Let's get one thing straight at the beginning. Par is not a human being. Par does not have eyes or ears or *feelings*. Par doesn't have kids in school, a family to feed, poor health to worry about. Thus, you can do whatever you please with par.

Just because par says it is three, four or five on a hole, don't let it affect your game. If you take the attitude that par on a certain hole should be, say, six, what is par going to do about it? Call the police? The fact is, par should be six on any par-3 hole that has water around it. Par should be five on any par-3 hole that has sand near the green. Par should be four on any par-3 hole that has undulating greens. Do not be intimidated by what par claims to be. Stand up to par!

KNOW YOUR SWING: Most golfers do not know what they look like when they swing the club. They like to think they look like Greg Norman or David Graham, but generally they look like a sack of shit.

The way to avoid looking like a sack of shit is to address the ball properly, as follows:

Stand erect, but not too erect. Your feet should be slightly wider than your shoulders, but not too wide. Bend over from the waist but only slightly. Flex your knees, but only the tiniest bit. If you feel that you are in the proper erect-bent position, have somebody hand you the golf club.

Go over some routine check points. Are you too crouched? Are you too erect? Are you too stiff-kneed? How is your balance? It is possible that you may need to flex your knees more and stick out your backside, but on the other hand, you don't want to be "sitting down" too low, do you? If you are about to fall forward, the chances are excellent that you haven't stuck out your backside enough.

How is the weight distribution? Is your weight primarily on the balls of your feet? Can you lift your heels without too much effort?

Remember that it is better to err forward than backward. If you err forward in your swing, at least you are going toward the golf ball. By erring forward, you have a chance to get a piece of the ball as you jab the club into the ground, and statistics prove that most golfers who err backward often miss the ball completely and run a greater risk of injuring themselves.

If you are finally in an erect-bent position that feels reasonably comfortable to you, there is only one last thing to check before you swing the club. Are you pointed toward the golf course or the clubhouse?

— DAN JENKINS

SHOWBIZ

Black Widow spins a web of intrigue, and an ill wind blows the world to nuclear destruction.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: Some film stars are great actors and some get by on their sex appeal. There aren't many who have both qualities to spare, but it just so happens that two who do, **Debra Winger** and **Theresa Russell**, turn up together in *Black Widow*, in one of the screen's oddest female relationships in a long time. Winger plays a frustrated, desk-bound investigator for the Department of Justice, chained to her computer, who finds an odd correlation of old husbands with young wives dying mysterious deaths. Deducing that the wives are one and the same person (Theresa

Debra Winger chasing phantoms in Black Widow.

Russell), Winger drops everything to track her quarry down to Hawaii, where the pair strike up a bizarre, almost lesbian friendship which liberates Winger, but in the end threatens her very existence. *Black Widow* is directed by **Bob Rafelson**, one of Hollywood's great originals and the man responsible not only for *Five Easy Pieces* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, but also for creating **The Monkees**. He makes few films, but when he does they are all exceptional. This one has the same sort of feeling as **Hitchcock**'s *Vertigo*, but Theresa Russell's frequent changes of appearances put one in mind of *Marnie*. It also has spectacular shots of Hawaii's Kilauea, the world's most active volcano, which erupts once every 28 days or so.

•

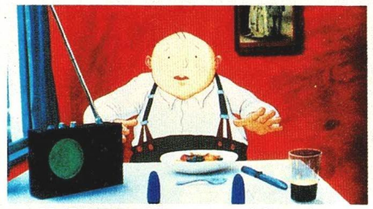
REELING AND ROCKING: *Yackety Yak* is the title of a movie in the works about the legendary writing team of **Jerry Leiber** and **Mike Stoller**, who were responsible for such classic tunes as *Hound Dog, Jailhouse Rock, On Broadway* and *Stand By Me*. They were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame last winter... Characters in *La Bamba*, the movie biography of **Ritchie Valens**, include **Buddy Holly** and the **Big Bopper** who died with him in the aircrash, as well as **Eddie Cochran** who died in a car accident a few years later and the late **Jackie Wilson**. Life is short in rock'n'roll. Incidentally *Go, Johnny, Go*, a 1958 rock movie, is being readied for redistribution on video. It stars the late, great DJ **Alan Freed** who was credited with launching rock'n'roll and was then broken by the payola scandal, but it also has personal appearances by Ritchie Valens, The Big Bopper, Eddie Cochran and Jackie Wilson themselves, together with **Chuck Berry** and many others... **Dionne Warwick** has been cast as a madam in *Rent A Cop*, starring **Liza Minnelli** and **Burt Reynolds**... **Roger Daltrey** is set to star in his first American-made film, *Dark Tower*, while **Phil Collins** is considering a part in TV's *Crime Story* as a dry run for a movie role in *Buster*, a romantic comedy based on the life of one of Britain's fugitive Great Train Robbers, **Buster Edwards**... Look out for a **Huey Lewis** documentary with concert footage, including a Paris jam session.

•

NEWSBREAKS: Weird combination: **Martin Scorsese** is directing a video for **Run-DMC**, while **Roy Orbison** is writing for a new album with former **Sex Pistol Steve Jones**!... **George, Paul** and **Ringo** lunched together just recently to discuss the possibility of a **Beatles** biography to be filmed by **Steven Spielberg**... **The Doors**' keyboardist **Ray Manzarek** has been working in Liverpool with **Echo And The Bunnymen**. They're doing a new version of *Light My Fire*... A new spoof horror movie set on Bondi Beach, called *Pandemonium*, will star **David Argue**... Those rock movies we told you about, *Jimi Plays Monterey*, and *Shake, Otis At Monterey*, are finally getting an airing — at the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals. Let's hope an enterprising distributor gets wise and picks them up. And while we're awaiting **Richard Chamberlain**'s version of *Casanova*, let's remember the Melbourne Film Festival is also showing the original 1927 French classic, as well as a doco on **Lily Tomlin** which her lawyers are still trying to suppress.

•

IT'S AN ILL WIND: Full length cartoons aren't exactly flavor of the month and we don't take too much notice of those that do appear, but obviously if the title song was written and performed by **David Bowie** it had to be something unusual. Sure enough, *When The Wind Blows* turns out to be one of the most



Mr Bloggs tries to cope with nuclear holocaust in When The Wind Blows.

devastating movies on nuclear holocaust so far produced. Based on characters made famous by **Raymond Briggs**, the movie achieves enormous effect by simply concentrating on the reactions of an old couple confronted with the unthinkable, who resolve to do just what the government tells them and try to bring the same philosophy to bear that they remember from World War II. Somehow those cartoon characters make the inevitable, unrelenting end seem even worse.

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

Betty Blue *Diva* director Jean-Jacques Beineix's new heroine is sexy but psychotic. Ultimately depressing. ¥¥

Blue Velvet Dennis Hopper plays sadist to Isabella Rossellini's masochist in kinky masterpiece. ¥¥¥¥

Critical Condition Richard Pryor, guilty but pretending insanity, ends up running the hospital. Crazy! ¥¥¥

84 Charing Cross Road Letters from US booklover to a London bookshop somehow make inspired cinema. ¥¥¥

Little Shop Of Horrors Zany musical about a flesh-eating plant. And dig those singers, Crystal, Chiffon and Ronette! ¥¥¥

No Mercy Steamy New Orleans with Gere, Basinger and villainous Jeroen Krabbe. Hot stuff. ¥¥¥

Platoon A great war film about the real horror of Vietnam. Oliver Stone shows US defeat, warts and all. ¥¥¥¥

'Round Midnight Doomed jazz giant finds redemption in Paris but can't avoid death in New York. ¥¥¥

Sid And Nancy Definitive statement on punk and love and lots more in the story of a Sex Pistol. Truly brilliant. ¥¥¥¥

Something Wild Don Johnson's ex, Melanie Griffith, starts off crazy but runs out of steam. Flat and unfunny. ¥

Stand By Me Four boys between childhood and adolescence learn to stand up for themselves the hard way. ¥¥¥

The Name Of The Rose Mystery in a monastery with Sean Connery as a medieval Sherlock Holmes. ¥¥¥

Three Amigos Camping up Hollywood myths with Chevy Chase, Steve Martin. They were never this funny apart. ¥¥¥

Tough Guys Ex-cons Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster find life too tame after 30 years inside. Prime acting. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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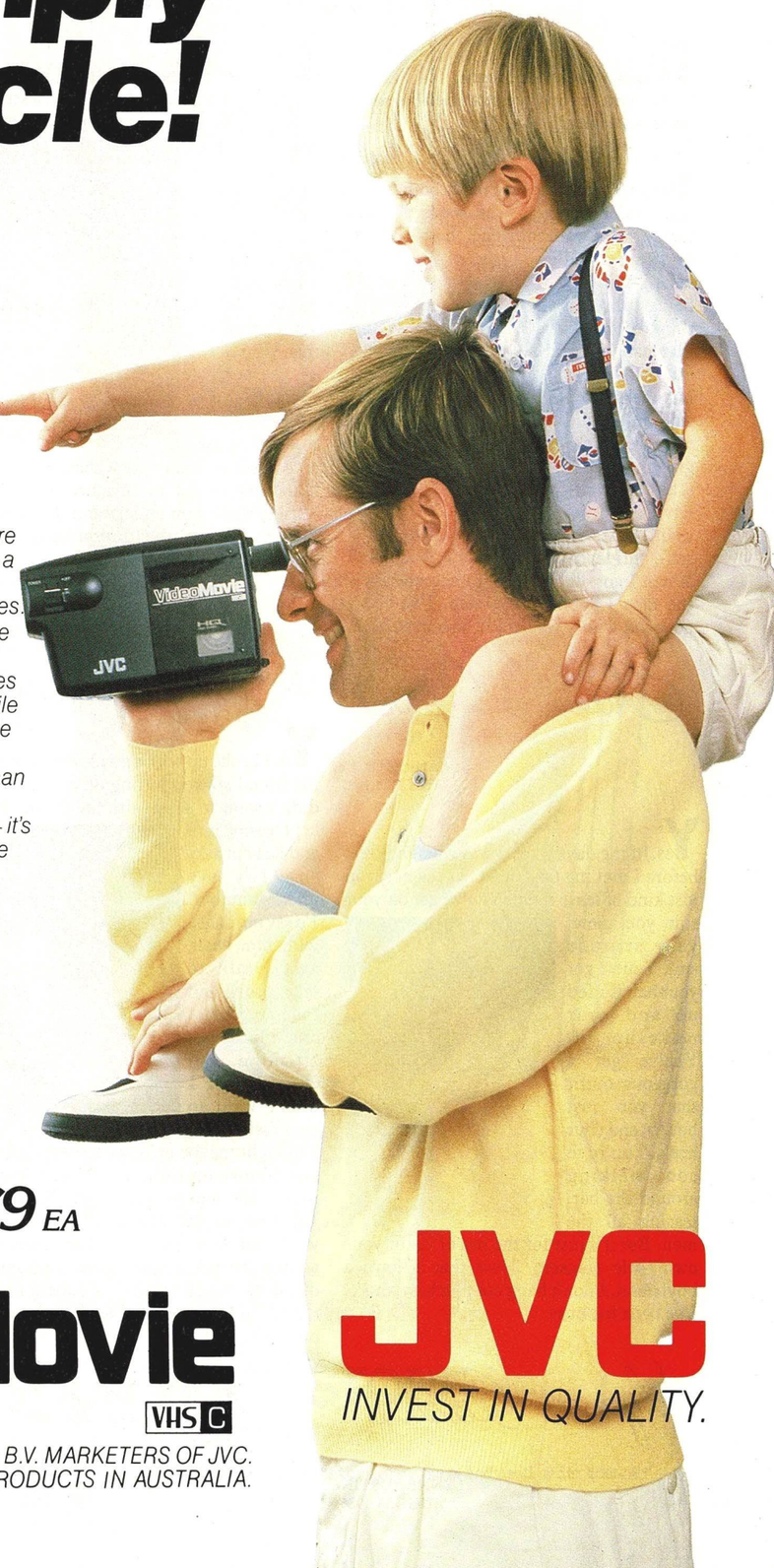

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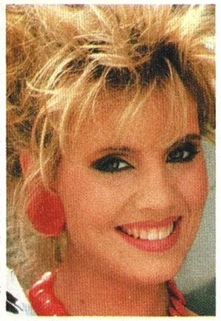
DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
Have you ever been a deliberate tease and why?

The girls who tease men really bother me. I just prefer people to be more straightforward. If I want someone, there's no need to tease. I get what I want by being direct. I think doing a Playmate layout is a visual tease, but one on one I wouldn't do it. I was very shy growing up. I wasn't very flirtatious. I didn't have the self-confidence. When I got older, it wasn't necessary with the men I got involved with. I've always gone out with guys I could be honest with.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987

Yes. In the days when I was wild and free, before I met my boyfriend. At the bar, you just kind of tease them. You've got on your suit, you know, your attitude suit. You've got your hair fluffed up and your make-up on. You've got a gorgeous outfit that you just bought and your heels. You're so cool walking around the bar, teasing all the men. But it's just for the fun of it, for your own little snickers. Now that I have a boyfriend, I don't hang out much anymore. I've been too busy.

Lynne Austin

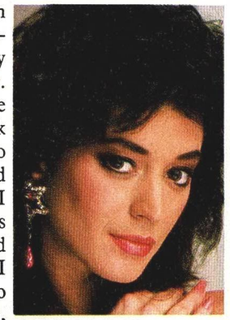
LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986

Just about all the time. It's fun. I'm not taking it too seriously. I do it with a sense of humor. It's a game. Sometimes you meet a man and play the game because it's fun, but you have no intentions. Then you begin to know him and you like him. Or you may meet a man who is shy or is nervous because you've appeared in PLAYBOY and he'll think he hasn't got a chance with you. Then you've got to be more direct. You have to make him understand that you like him, so he won't feel intimidated. Otherwise, flirt away.

Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
JANUARY 1986

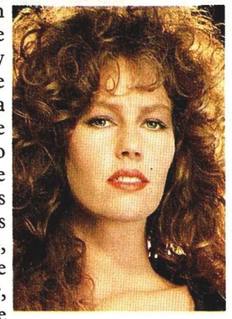
Yes. I broke up with a guy I was dating and his friend started hitting on me. I knew I didn't want to sleep with the friend, but I kept teasing him and he kept asking for my phone number. I'd say no, dance with him, walk away, talk to other people and then go back. I knew I had his attention, and even though I didn't want to go off with him, I thought maybe he'd say something to the guy I broke up with, like, "I saw Ava last night. She looked really nice. Why don't you give me her number?" But it didn't work out that way. Another time, with another friend of another ex-boyfriend, it did work out. It started as a tease and we ended up having a relationship. It worked out really well.



Ava Fabian

AVA FABIAN
SEPTEMBER 1986

I went into a restaurant in Melbourne with a good friend. She's a beautiful model and we'd both been working so we were really dressed up. The owner was a charming little Italian man who thought we were famous actresses so he showed us to the best table, treated us like VIPs and later, while we were eating dinner, came to chat with us. He asked me if I'd made any movies lately or if I'd been in any television programs. I told him I'd been modelling in Europe and travelling around America. It was a really big tease and the evening ended up being on the house.



Felicity J Collins

FELICITY COLLINS
OCTOBER 1986

Yes would have to be my answer. I guess I wouldn't have appeared as a Playmate in this magazine unless I was a tease! When I was a little girl, I always used to tease my parents with smiles to get what I wanted. I believe that if you've got it, you should use it! And I've always done just that. Teasing is something that comes quite naturally to me because I don't have to go to extremes to attract male attention.

Sandy Walker

SANDY WALKER
MARCH 1986

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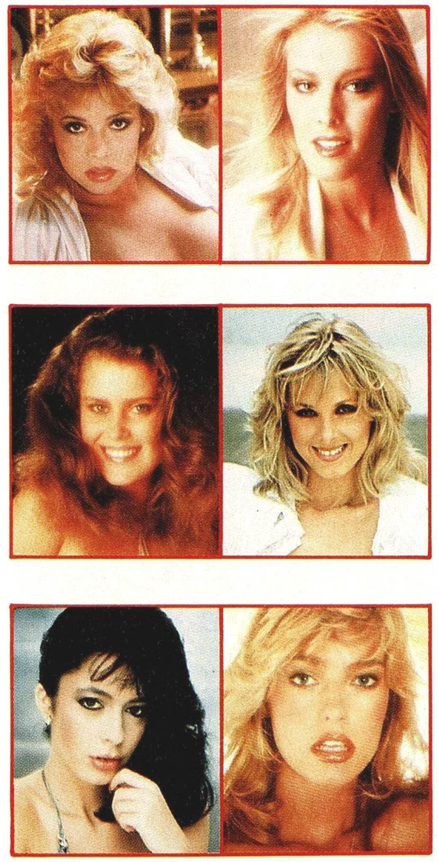

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ION TIRIAC

A candid conversation with the mastermind behind Boris Becker.

If the Pope were to play tennis in public, who would he choose to play against? Boris Becker, without a doubt. Why? Because of the efforts of a 47-year-old Rumanian from Brasov (formerly Kronstadt), who used to test ball-bearings for motor cars.

Ion Tiriac is, in Becker's own words, "manager, psychiatrist, father and mother". Born on May 9, 1939, divorced, he is the father of a 10-year-old son from a relationship of eight years with Mikette, a Californian model, who says of Ion: "If he likes you, he won't forget a single birthday. But he doesn't show he cares. You'll find the present under your pillow."

Tiriac spends $3000 a month on phone bills alone. He puts his yearly income at between $150,000 and $200,000 but is reliably estimated to be worth around $6 million.

For years, Tiriac played ice hockey for Rumania, representing his country at the 1964 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. He also represented Rumania in the Davis Cup 43 times, mostly together with the enfant terrible of tennis, Ilie Nastase, about whom Tiriac says: "When he's under pressure, he simply performs miracles."

Tiriac, the son of a postal clerk, has certainly come a long way. A professional sportsman for 30 years, he has now given Germany her greatest idol since the war: Boris Becker, the small-town boy, who earns $3 million a year already, when only two years ago he was hardly more than a talented young hopeful. And now? Only Lendl stands in his way.

Tiriac's firm has 10 employees — among them his ex-protege Guillermo Vilas. The Rumanian with the somewhat grim appearance manages tennis centres — trade name "Vitis" — in Zurich, Wiesbaden, Paris and New York. In Amsterdam, Sarnen (Switzerland) and Virginia Beach in the United States, he owns advertising agencies called TIVI, and most of his money is invested in real estate (in Paris alone, he is said to own 10 apartments). "In the five years that I've been working with him," says Steve Corey, organiser of international show matches, "there hasn't been anything in writing between us. Ion keeps his word down to the last dot, and sometimes even beyond that."

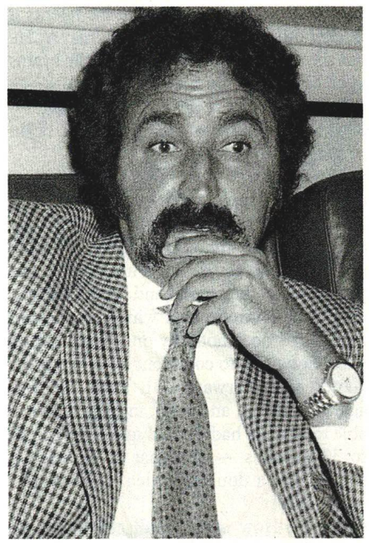
Trying to contact Tiriac amounted to a world trip by phone. First, his representative in Munich — another Rumanian—referred us to his press secretary in New York. She happened to be in Sydney at the time, but promised to contact Tiriac, who was in Tokyo. Finally a return call came from New York: Tiriac had agreed to an interview. To arrange a date we were asked to ring Monte Carlo.

It took PLAYBOY interviewer ***Axel Thorer*** *four months to get that interview. On one occasion Boris's need to see his guru was greater than ours and then urgent business matters intervened. When the day finally came, Tiriac was three minutes early at the working breakfast and immediately demanded: "First question, please." As ex-protege Henri Leconte once commented: "Tiriac never wants to lose control. He decides what happens. Suggestions are not accepted."*

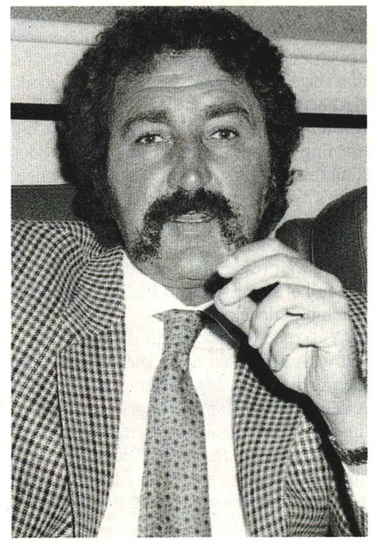
The conversation with Tiriac turned out to be one of the shortest interviews — in terms of time — PLAYBOY ever conducted. But at the same time it was one of the wordiest, for Tiriac talks the way Boris plays. And, by the way: the man's name is pronounced "Yonn Tsiriak", starting with "ts" and ending with a "k".

PLAYBOY: Watching you and Boris Becker together, one wonders who's the chicken and who's the egg.

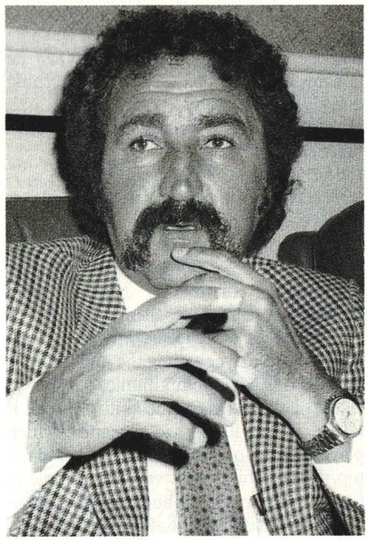
TIRIAC: I create the chicken that lays the



"I think I have the ability to recognise which player has the qualities needed to get to the top. It's a quality that very few people in tennis have, maybe only me."



"Technically Lendl has got to a level no player has reached before him. He can hit a ball hard, fast and with precision, but that's really the extent of his abilities."



"Nobody can give me what Boris has with his wins at Wimbledon. You could call it happiness or deep satisfaction. They certainly meant more to me than money."

eggs. That's why I was never really interested in offering a contract to an accomplished player like Lendl. I want to build up my players myself.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that risky and costly at first?

TIRIAC: The financial side doesn't, and shouldn't, matter in the beginning. If you start off with the right sort of product, you end up making money somewhere down the line.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine having to give up Becker in order to build a new star?

TIRIAC: I invested five years of my life in a good friend, who has more talent than most other tennis players. My contract with him was to run another year, but when it turned out that my concept of his career didn't match his own plans, we simply parted. With a handshake. As simply as that, and to hell with the contract.

PLAYBOY: We take it you are talking about Henri Leconte?

TIRIAC: Yes. I lost a fortune then, but we remained friends, and whenever I watch him play now, I am glad to see how excellent he is. He is probably happier today, without me, with his wife, child and all that sort of thing. But at the same time he is not what I imagine a true professional to be like.

PLAYBOY: Could something similar happen to you with Becker?

TIRIAC: No, with Becker the reasons would be different. If we didn't get on anymore, it would be because he didn't need me anymore, and he would say so.

PLAYBOY: So what's to stop him from saying that soon?

TIRIAC: Becker is an intelligent man, and he will understand that even President Reagan needs advisers. He will realise that no man can do everything himself. At present he is young and dynamic, and incidentally one of the most fascinating people I've met. But even if he now. thinks that everything is going his way, there will be a time when he realises that life is not quite what he imagined it to be. Becker is learning quickly, very quickly.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship on a practical level?

TIRIAC: I am there when he needs me.

PLAYBOY: Could any sort of tennis player have a career like Becker's?

TIRIAC: To a certain extent I've had similar successes before. Not with a product like Becker, but there was Nastase, then Panatta, then Orantes, then Vilas, and of course Becker came to me when he wasn't even the top player among the juniors.

PLAYBOY: What is your gimmick?

TIRIAC: I think I have the ability — call it talent, if you like — to recognise which player has the qualities needed to get to the top. It's an ability that very few people in tennis have, maybe nobody but me. Once you know that a player has got what it takes, you draw up a plan and you create something new on the basis of your knowledge. I admit I'm not very modest about this. But who else apart from me recognised Becker's talent and planned his career to take him to where he is today?

However, let me make one concession: in this particular case my own achievements are lessened by the fact that the material at my disposal was of such excellence.

PLAYBOY: Given the strength of Becker's play, isn't it possible to foresee the moment when he won't need you anymore?

TIRIAC: For the moment he still needs me, although less so than he used to. This is one of the reasons why I try to make myself inconspicuous, especially in Germany, so as not to appear as Becker's creator. He is the star, and his talent made him into a star.

PLAYBOY: Isn't he trying to shake off your influence over him?

TIRIAC: At the moment he is doing everything he can for himself. He is the angry young man you'd expect him to be at his age. That's the reason why he gets into trouble on the court so often. But he's learning every day. Not from me but from his own mistakes and experiences. What I've done for him in the past two years is gradually becoming routine.

PLAYBOY: From your behavior as a spectator it sometimes seems as if you aren't too unhappy to see Boris lose once in a while. Is that correct?

TIRIAC: Why should I be happy to see him lose?

PLAYBOY: Because Boris has slipped away from your grasp. Because his quick wins don't fit into your long-term plan.

TIRIAC: You know, I've been sitting on tennis courts and observing my players for 20 years. That way you learn to live in peace with yourself. If you show your emotions too openly, you influence your player on the court directly, regardless of whether you're his manager, his coach, his mate or his girlfriend. If any of these people show their reactions — delight when he plays well, or disappointment when he plays badly — this has an enormous impact on the player on that stage down there. And that's not good.

PLAYBOY: Is Becker so easily influenced?

TIRIAC: Well, Becker is in the middle of a big learning process. But when he does something wrong, it only happens once. That's what's unique about him. If I sit there seemingly without emotion, it's not because I'm happy or unhappy, it's because I can't wait to see his next serve. Becker is still full of surprises, and I just sit back and watch him develop.

PLAYBOY: So you accept his defeats?

TIRIAC: A defeat has never meant the end of the world for me. It's the same with Becker. A defeat means another step on the way to the top. It was enormously important that Becker nearly lost to Hector Nunez, number 485 on the world list, in Paris. That experience means another step forward for him.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be better for business if everybody could defeat everybody else, instead of one player winning all the time?

TIRIAC: I've been saying for weeks that McEnroe's return to top class tennis would be good for the sport. A top player who wins every match for six months would be a disadvantage in my opinion. It is better for the sport if the top player loses a game once in a while, or if he wins only with difficulty. But the most important thing is how a player loses and how he copes with defeat because that's what the spectators want to see.

PLAYBOY: Don't defeats have a devastating effect on the psyche of a sensitive player?

TIRIAC: The man who described the ecstasy of victory and the agony of defeat was grossly mistaken. It's impossible for a player to have the same feelings for 10 years in a row. Of course defeat hurts and a victory makes you happy. But a lost match doesn't destroy you. A good top player can afford to win Wimbledon and the US Open today and be nearly defeated by Nunez tomorrow.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't Becker's meteoric rise surprised you at all and upset your plans?

TIRIAC: No. I consider myself to be a strategist. Even though Becker's success came so quickly, it became clear after his first win at Wimbledon that he had the makings of a really great player, that he wasn't just a nine-day wonder, as some had suspected until then. I knew then that what I had there was not just a future top player, but a great one.

PLAYBOY: Does Becker see that too?

TIRIAC: He is still not quite sure if he'll make it. He is confident about his playing, but hesitant about his commitments off the court. But he is sensible enough to realise that it will take him another year or two to learn, and only then will he be able to make all the sacrifices that go with being No 1 in world tennis.

PLAYBOY: Is that your opinion too?

TIRIAC: It would be a waste of his talents if Becker only became a very good player. He has the skills, the personality and the brains of an absolutely top player.

PLAYBOY: Has he really got brains?

TIRIAC: He has "guts" and he has the brain of a 25 to 30-year-old.

PLAYBOY: And what are the sacrifices expected of a top player?

TIRIAC: Normally a tennis player's day centres around the two to three hours he spends on the court. But a top player, and possibly also the second and third from the top, have commitments which go beyond that. Boris does not play one single match without having to comment on it in a press conference afterwards. In Paris he won against Curren, and then, instead of being able to rest, he had to field questions for 20 to 30 minutes — and that in between a singles and a doubles which, not surprisingly, he lost.

PLAYBOY: How does Lendl cope with all that?

TIRIAC: You know, there's a sad story in this. Unfortunately it's human nature to knock someone who's made it to the top. Lendl is

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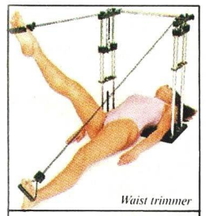
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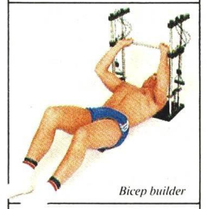
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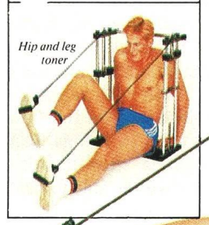
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prepared to sacrifice everything to the sport, but after his second win in the US Open, *Sports Illustrated* magazine ran a story with the headline: *The Champion Nobody Cares About*. That kind of attitude to the sport could destroy, if not Lendl, then maybe Becker or McEnroe, because it destroys the sport itself.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it to Becker's advantage if the present top player is unpopular?

TIRIAC: Without sounding superior, I have to admit that Becker is the ambassador of tennis we've all wanted. He isn't even No 1 yet, and he's already been invited to the White House twice. Lendl getting such a crummy headline affects the sport as a whole, and especially those who compete against him for top position.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Lendl bring that on himself with his lack of emotion?

TIRIAC: No, no, that's quite wrong. Lendl only gives the impression that nothing can shake him. Maybe it's because he didn't have a Tiriac when he was young! He certainly tried to live with his cold image for a while. But lately he has been trying quite desperately to shake that image. All of a sudden he has programmed himself to be the nice American boy, especially in his dealings with the press. I know him so well and he seems quite silly sometimes.

PLAYBOY: So you don't think it's a very convincing new role?

TIRIAC: Lendl has tried to shed his image so often that he probably hasn't got an inner basis anymore. He has got to the stage where he can quite easily beat Becker 6:0 in the first set, but he'll go to pieces when Boris performs his shuffle. Then you see the real Lendl, not the cold person he seems to be.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that Lendl is mature and cynical while Becker is young and emotional?

TIRIAC: Quite wrong. Of course Lendl is more mature and grown-up than Becker, after all he is six to seven years older. But he is not cynical. Lendl is a hard-working sportsman who sacrifices everything for his career, and just now he is at the top. But he has his limits.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

TIRIAC: Well, he is not a great talent, but technically he has got to a level no player has reached before him. He can hit a ball hard, fast and with precision, but that's really the extent of his abilities. Lendl hasn't got 10 percent of Nastase's flair nor 10 percent of McEnroe's spirit, nor his variations and talent.

PLAYBOY: Is Lendl bad for tennis?

TIRIAC: Not at all. He is very good for the sport, because he acts as a sort of barometer. Lendl will always win against a not-so-perfect McEnroe, or against a not-so-excellent Becker. At least now he does! But Lendl won't be able to win very often against a McEnroe or a Becker in good form. These chaps can play this way or that, but good old Lendl is always there, and always hits the ball exactly where it has to be hit, exactly the way everyone expected. But as soon as something unexpected happens, he goes under.

PLAYBOY: Would you create an artificial image to conceal the truth?

TIRIAC: I regard that as impossible, because the deception would be discovered sooner or later. Nobody can play a role all the time. You can only encourage someone's personality in one direction or another, or reinforce a particular trait by training or routine. But tell Clint Eastwood to go and perform a comedy routine tomorrow night and it would never work.

PLAYBOY: Have you got something like a communist five-year plan for Becker?

TIRIAC: I'm not sure it's a communist plan, and in any case it's a 10-year plan. Boris has got 10 successful years ahead of him provided he gets a grip on himself, on his body and on his brain.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a risk that 10 years hence you will have created a charismatic, highly successful player who earns millions but is a complete idiot off the court?

TIRIAC: There are very few real idiots in tennis, because an idiot could never become a top player or superstar. Moreover, Becker is a very intelligent young man. He is, admittedly, too emotional, and it's only in the past six months that he's been able to handle his frustrations better. That will be his problem in the future. Once he can control his frustration, he'll be twice as good as now.

PLAYBOY: What is he frustrated about?

TIRIAC: I call it stubbornness: his absolute wish to win. It can destroy a player. It can make or break him, if he has too much of it. Once Becker has mastered this game, we'll see a fantastic player, I can tell you. At the moment he lives on his strength. But he's beginning to experiment with his real talent. Once he replaces strength with quality, hardly anyone will be able to beat him.

PLAYBOY: How many offers of promotional work do you turn down on an average day?

TIRIAC: Ninety-nine percent. How many a day is difficult to say — it could be one or five. In any case, more than 80 percent of offers don't even merit thinking about, and another 15 percent are eliminated on second thoughts.

PLAYBOY: By what criteria do you choose Becker's sponsors?

TIRIAC: It's a question of logic and concept, of who wants to work with whom to promote a firm or a product. I believe Becker has a lot more to offer than your average tennis player. And, although he is German, he has become a sufficiently international personality to interest even multi-national sponsors. But there are limits.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example?

TIRIAC: Eighteen months ago he was asked to promote Bordeaux wine for the French government, with the cleverly phrased slogan: "If I drank wine, it would be Bordeaux." But how can a 17-year-old say such a thing?

PLAYBOY: Are you the one who rejects such proposals?

TIRIAC: I have to credit Boris's parents with some of the decisions. Boris could have had 10 times as much money but whenever he got an offer that didn't seem logical, it was rejected.

PLAYBOY: But quite obviously you favor German firms?

TIRIAC: Not as a matter of principle. I don't, at any rate, but Boris does. But is Coca-Cola German? American? Neither. Coca-Cola is simply Coca-Cola. That's the kind of sponsor I like.

PLAYBOY: And what if Boris really wants to spend big for once?

TIRIAC: He draws a respectable salary, which goes directly to him. And he can do what he likes with that money. Of course we discuss his long-term investments with his financial advisers. His parents have a say in that, too. So do I. But the Deutsche Bank does a better job than Ion Tiriac. I'd have to learn these things first, and I don't feel like it.

PLAYBOY: Would you let Becker go to a brothel, or wouldn't he be allowed to do that, because of his sponsors?

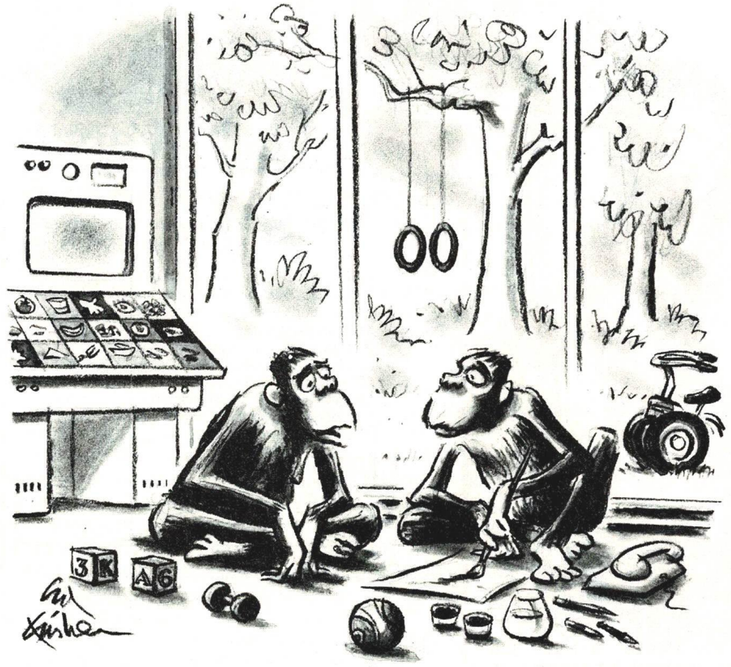
TIRIAC: Becker's affairs with women are his business. But going to a brothel, to use your example, is quite different. I don't think Boris would need to go to a brothel, considering his origins, his looks and his opportunities. That wouldn't fit in with his upbringing either. But if he wants to go to a disco, or go out with a girl, he's perfectly free to do that. There wouldn't be any problems from my side — after all he's 19! The only problem is that the press could create a sensation out of nothing.

PLAYBOY: You don't see a danger of Boris being crushed by the tentacles of publicity?

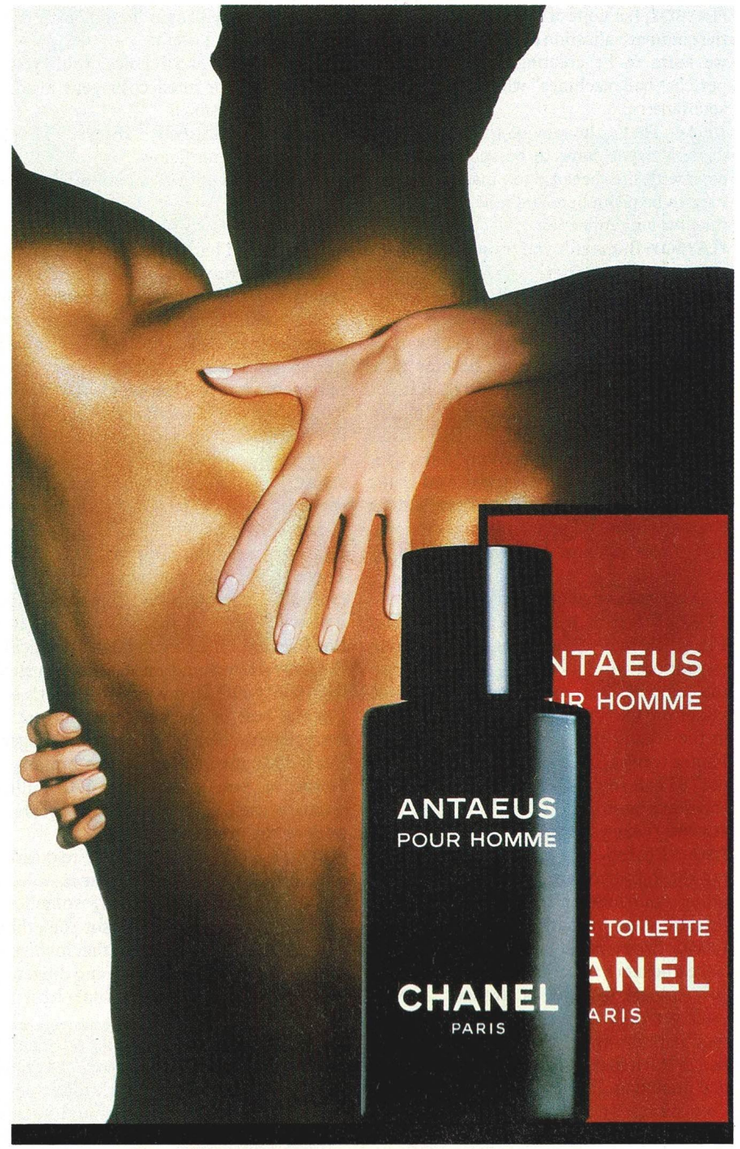
TIRIAC: Believe me, I've got very strong principles; I followed them in my own tennis career, as well as in my marketing strategy for Boris. Bjorn Borg has 48 promotional contracts, Becker only four. He may get one, two, at the most four additional contracts, but that's enough. This way I give him the opportunity to concentrate on his game. I repeat — no tennis player, however good, can get to the top if he doesn't fulfil his obligations off the court.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it the great delusion of our century to think that a product sells better because a fellow with a tennis racquet wears its logo on his sleeve?

TIRIAC: Is it a delusion if I work my arse off trying to design a Becker shoe which is going to be better than any other product? Or if we fly to the US, to Taiwan and other places 25 times, so that we can build a racquet with 10km more speed on impact? To create products which don't just suit the professional player but improve the game of the small man in the street — is that supposed to be a delusion?



"That cute young research specialist from the Uni of NSW who was here last summer. . . He never calls! He never writes!"



THE POWER TO PROVOKE

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PLAYBOY: Isn't one of the saddest aspects of the commercialisation of tennis the fact that we seem to be creating more and more perfect "ball machines" who've lost all their spontaneity?

TIRIAC: That's the way of the world these days. Yet you have to be spontaneous to cope with life, because too many decisions have to be taken here and now, without the time for long reflection.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you trying to get Boris to lose his spontaneity?

TIRIAC: I'm not doing that. Boris is still more spontaneous than any other player. If he doesn't seem to be as impetuous now as he used to be, it's because he has become more mature in those two years. The fault is not his, it's the spectator's. Everyone thinks of Boris as a 17 or 19-year-old. But that lad has lived 25 years in the past two years. No, more than that, two centuries! And that's what one has to take into account. He has changed so much I sometimes have to force myself to treat him as the 19-year-old he really is.

PLAYBOY: On what occasions?

TIRIAC: When he has made a mistake and I'm unfair in my judgement. But returning to your previous question — spontaneity on the court happens to my mind when some idiot from the grandstand calls out to Nunez in the second set, "Boris is finished" and Nunez turns around and answers, "No, no, no!" That sort of spontaneous behavior shouldn't be stopped.

PLAYBOY: Are you tough?

TIRIAC: Realistic.

PLAYBOY: But you are quoted as saying "I'd rather your mother cried than mine." Do you still stand by that?

TIRIAC: Sport is an antagonistic activity. Take a boxer or an ice-hockey player — they only respect whoever is stronger. If they can't get their adversary to respect them, they're finished. As an ice-hockey player I had to learn that early on. So I still stand by that quotation. It isn't exactly an intellectual viewpoint; it's a question of survival.

PLAYBOY: But maybe you hide a sensitive soul or an inner loneliness?

TIRIAC: Wrong, quite wrong. I might be a loner, but I'm not lonely. It's just that I rely on myself alone and I make decisions on my own.

PLAYBOY: Has that always been the case, or is it because of bad experience?

TIRIAC: It's always been like that. Ever since I was 14, I had nobody to help me, had to do everything myself. I had to learn by living, not by going to university.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it difficult to trust other people?

TIRIAC: I trust people, normally. But if somebody double-crosses me, he never gets another chance. I don't like to swallow what I spat out. I've never done that, not in my whole life. Sometimes it has cost me dearly. But I don't compromise.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a kind of inflexibility?

TIRIAC: It's a method, a way of life. I admit that in principle people should be prepared to compromise; I don't.

PLAYBOY: If you had a choice, would you let your heart, your intellect or your instincts guide your decisions?

TIRIAC: My instincts, always. They've served me best until now.

PLAYBOY: Is happiness an important factor in your life?

TIRIAC: That's a very philosophical question, and one I find hard to answer. We live in a world that's very shaky, and it can be very cruel from time to time for some of us. Due to my background, my rather rough early life and the sports I've played, I've come to the conclusion that it's quite okay to be reasonably content. Happiness is a full-time job, and I haven't got time for that!

PLAYBOY: Are there moments when you are truly happy?

TIRIAC: Nobody can give me what Boris has with his wins at Wimbledon. You could call it happiness, or deep satisfaction. They certainly meant more to me than money. Those who want to achieve true and everlasting happiness and then cannot find it — well, they can only shoot themselves. But I've never been a candidate for suicide.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe yourself?

TIRIAC: Myself? In my job? Well, let's see. I'm the best in the business. I'm not an entrepreneur like other sports managers. I'm a craftsman, an artist who builds one Ferrari a year instead of 100 million ordinary cars, because I take 10 years to work on my products.

PLAYBOY: That sounds as if you're creating something artificial, not sportsmen.

TIRIAC: I don't think so. If somebody paints a Mona Lisa, that's not something artificial, is it? It's a creation that involves a lot of knowledge, talent, work and diligence.

PLAYBOY: What motivates you? Lust for power? Greed? Boredom?

TIRIAC: I'm motivated by the satisfaction gained from being able to say, "I created this!" It's this egotistic search for achievement which drives me further and further. The meaning of life, to me, consists of being able to solve life's everyday problems successfully. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Even if one is rich enough?

TIRIAC: I'm not as rich as people think, but I won't starve either. What's the point of being rich? I only eat three times a day, not five or 15 times. I don't drive two Ferraris, I drive one. My motivation is success.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't accept the opinion that a sports manager is some sort of pimp who lives on the earnings of others?

TIRIAC: People who think that must have a screw loose. They should dare to take on an unknown 16-year-old and make a world champion out of him.

PLAYBOY: Are you prepared to suffer for money?

TIRIAC: Money is a commodity. When I was one of the top players in Europe I made $50 a week and had to live on that. I slept in camping grounds and change-rooms — but I was probably happier with what I did then than I am today. I had to work less hard, and I only had to worry about tennis balls and how to hit them. I had a lot less responsibility than I do now.

PLAYBOY: Are you sometimes frightened?

TIRIAC: Only schizophrenics and other abnormal people are never frightened.

PLAYBOY: What do you like spending money on?

TIRIAC: That's a difficult question, because my lifestyle is determined by necessity. Let's put it like this: I'm not stingy in my personal expenses. When I fly, I like to have a wide seat, because I'm getting old and my arse is delicate, and because too many people try to bother me. I fly Concorde because it saves time.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you trying to buy time with money?

TIRIAC: I wish I knew the secret of buying time. If I knew that I would work less.

PLAYBOY: Could you live without your work?

TIRIAC: That's what I've been trying to do lately. I'm trying to make more time for myself, to see more of my son. Jon-Jon is 10 now, and I would love to see him grow up, to have him around more, to work with him.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you are gradually retiring?

TIRIAC: I'm retiring very slowly, half and half. I'm cutting down, and that's why I don't intend to build up another Becker. That would involve too much energy, both mentally and physically. I've reached my goal, as it were, I'm at the end of a long road. I want to do other, more pleasurable things.

PLAYBOY: Such as what?

TIRIAC: I wouldn't mind doing a bit of journalism. I'd like to work in creative publishing. I want to have a go at television: my goal is the next Olympic Games.

PLAYBOY: What else impresses you?

TIRIAC: I'm impressed by the Pope bringing the representatives of 12 religions together for the sake of stopping a world-wide war. I'm also impressed by Lee Iacocca saving Chrysler from ruin. Anything that brings progress and succeeds impresses me.

PLAYBOY: You're never seen in the company of women. Is there a reason for that? You're said to be an attractive macho type. . .

TIRIAC: Any man on two legs and with two eyes — and sometimes not even that — can be attractive to women. Looks don't really matter, because women are strange creatures. There's no knowing why and how a particular man turns them on. I'm no worse and no better than the next man, but my problem is that I'm always being judged by my appearance. And sometimes that's the wrong impression.

PLAYBOY: What are you *really* like?

TIRIAC: The people I work with know me to be very fair. I don't find it hard to apologise when I've made a mistake, for instance. I've always been prepared to admit to my mistakes.

(continued on page 114)

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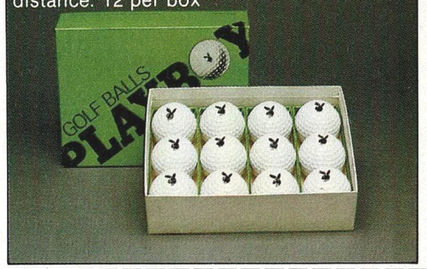

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It was called "the raid that went right", but a year after American bombs fell on Libya, evidence shows Reagan's raiders tried and failed to get Gaddafi.

SIXTY SECONDS OVER TRIPOLI

AT 1.55am, LIBYAN time, 15 April 1986, the first of the small fleet of F-111 bombers that had taken off from England six and a half hours earlier were still 65km out from Tripoli, racing over the dark sea at 1000km an hour. At an altitude of 60m the 40 tonne plane was still under the enemy's radar horizon, invisible except for the flaming exhausts of its twin engines.

Inside the cramped cockpit, side by side, sat the pilot and a weapons systems officer. Only a few stars could be seen through the clouds, but the sky was not empty. Above and around the 17 attack planes closing in on the target flew a vast armada of electronic warfare planes, aerial tankers, night fighters, command and control planes, communications intelligence planes, rescue helicopters, all circling in the moonless night, their radios silent lest the Libyan defence forces be alerted. The whole complex operation had

Article by
Andrew Cockburn

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY WIDENER

been carefully orchestrated so that the first bombs would start falling on Tripoli at 2am local time.

Far away in Washington it was 6.55 in the evening. Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, had just put down the telephone after alerting the press corps that he would have an important announcement to make — at precisely 7.20pm. He made no mention, naturally, of a military attack on Libya. But since Washington had been rife with rumors of such an attack for several days, the producers of the nightly network news shows, due to go on the air at 7pm, were quick to assume that something was about to happen, something which would be concluded by 7.20. As one producer said later: "They were spelling it out for us clear as daylight."

As the lead plane roared over the coastline, the noise of the TF30 P-100 engines reverberated simultaneously in the ears of the suddenly awake and frightened inhabitants of Tripoli and, through the telephone receiver thrust out of his hotel window by American newsman Steve Delaney, across the ocean to the TV sets of the world. "Tom!" shouted Delaney to his anchorman, "Tripoli is under attack! I can see planes going overhead. I can hear lots of explosions!"

Careful timing had turned the war on terrorism into live, prime time entertainment. As other TV correspondents followed suit, America — or at least the Eastern and Central time zones — listened as a group of highly trained US servicemen launched a military mission unprecedented in history: the attempted assassination of a foreign head of state with 900kg laser-guided high-explosive bombs precisely targeted on Muammar Gaddafi's office, home, and the tent where he was known to relax.

•

Pilots everywhere have a tendency to be loyal to the planes they fly, no matter how deficient the machines may be. The serious looking men who fly the F-111s parked in tidy rows on the ramp at Lakenheath are no exception. They refer to their aircraft as "fighters", with the implication of dog-fighting in the mode of *Top Gun*, and to themselves as "fighter pilots", a reference which sometimes causes smirks among the more flamboyant types who fly the sleek F-16s and F-15s specifically developed for air combat.

As *Aviation Week And Space Technology* later reported, the raid provided the first "opportunity for US air forces to apply many of the technologies incorporated since the Vietnam war". Up till that point, the navy had had all the action against Libya. In August 1981, navy fighter planes had downed two Libyan jets over the disputed waters below Gaddafi's "line of death" across the mouth of the Gulf of Sidra. The navy was back again in 1983, the same year it was given high profile missions shelling and bombing Lebanon. Again, in March 1986, the carriers of the Sixth Fleet were back challenging Gaddafi's claims to the Gulf of Sidra, firing at anti-aircraft missile radars and attacking Libyan naval patrol craft, with the reported loss of 54 Libyan crewmen.

Combat soldiers and aviators do not usually care much about the ceaseless bickerings between the generals and admirals at the very top of their services. However, to these high-ranking authorities the question of which services get to take part in missions is a very crucial one of "turf", because it affects their budgets. If there was to be a major bombing action against Libya, argued the air force, then the air force was going to be part of it, and, since contingency plans called for highly accurate strikes against selective targets, that clearly required the aviators of the 48th Tactical Fighter Wing.

This particular unit was the natural choice for any air force strike against Libya because it was equipped with the very latest technology for precision bombing. The air force had been promising such a capability ever since World War II, when generals predicted that Germany would be knocked out of the war by pinpoint bombing of key war industries. It did not work then — the bombs tended to miss by thousands of metres — any more than in the Vietnam war, when key targets survived years of assault by the latest that bombing technology could offer. By 1986, however, air force generals had bought the newest gadgetry: a combination of radar and an infra-red laser system called Pave Tack, advertised as capable of bombing within feet of the target.

Americans listened as US servicemen launched a military mission unprecedented in history: the attempted assassination of a foreign head of state.

Pave Tack cost around a quarter of a billion to procure, and it's conceivable that its sheer cost had something to do with the Secretary of Defence's confidence in its ability to deliver the goods. But during the Pave Tack tests carried out in New Mexico in 1984, 25 percent of the bombs went wide. As to the new radar, it had actually been tested in combat in Vietnam, and bombs had missed by as much as half a mile. Another piece of equipment, the terrain-following radar units, which were supposed to guide F-111s automatically at very low altitudes, had showed a pronounced tendency to guide planes instead straight into the ground or water. Finally, the F-111 itself, because of a small wing area and poorly performing engines, is acknowledged to be a sluggish and hard-to-manoeuvre aircraft.

Meanwhile, planning had become more intense in the Pentagon at the beginning of 1986, after two gangs of gunmen had opened up with machine guns at travellers at Rome and Vienna airports. Although neither the Italian or Austrian police could find evidence of Libyan involvement, Gaddafi, in a moment of callous buffoonery, publicly congratulated the attackers, thus giving further ammunition to those who considered the Libyan leader the orchestrator of worldwide terrorism. In the following weeks the Joint Chiefs of Staff drew up the basic plans for a surgical strike against the "terrorist nerve centre", paying due regard to the prerogatives of the air force.

In March the Sixth Fleet had its encounter with the Libyan anti-aircraft missiles and patrol boats. Although this action, officials later conceded, had been intended to provoke a military coup which would topple Gaddafi, the Libyan leader remained firmly in office and publicly defiant. Privately he tried to arrange peace talks with the US, an offer that was speedily and unequivocally rejected. A "senior White House official" said Gaddafi was expected to unleash further terrorist attacks in the near future.

At Lakenheath, the tempo of training increased.

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On Saturday April 5, at 1.49 in the morning, a bomb went off in a disco called the LaBelle in the Friedenau district of West Berlin. More than 230 people were injured. Two people were killed outright: a Turkish woman and an American, Sergeant Kenneth T. Ford of the US Army. US officials moved almost immediately to lay the blame at the door of Gaddafi. Reporters were told that intercepted communications (normally the most closely held kind of intelligence) showed a Libyan role in the bombing. By April 7, Richard Burt, the US ambassador to Bonn, had stepped into the limelight with an on-the-record assertion that there were "very, very clear indications" of Libyan involvement in the bombing. That same day ABC News reported that a "personal communication" from Gaddafi to his agents in East Berlin had been intercepted in which the Libyan leader offered "praise for a job well done". It was on that day, according to later reports, that the President took the decision to go ahead with the raid "based on the ambassador's conclusions, which were shared by other top officials".

All that week the level of rhetoric against Gaddafi by US senior officials, on and off the record, mounted ever higher. On the Wednesday, April 9, Vice-President Bush described him as a "mad dog" while the

(continued on page 94)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Adelaide's Felicity Collins shows her winning form.

Our 1987 Playmate Of The Year is tall and elegant Felicity Collins. This auburn-haired professional model from Adelaide first appeared as our Miss October 1986 in a stunning spread we titled *On The Right Track*. We were right. Since making her debut appearance in Australian PLAYBOY, lovely Felicity has been combining a host of promotional work with busy fashion parades for the Australian Wool Corporation plus her regular classes in Adelaide where she teaches grooming, deportment, make-up and other aspects of modelling.

Despite her successful career and her new status as our very special eighth Australian PLAYBOY Playmate Of The Year, Felicity has no immediate plans to desert Adelaide. "Still, I'd like to look around the States and Europe," she says. "I don't particularly want to model in those places as I think it would be a real rat race but I'd certainly like to spend some time there. Japan is on my travel hit-list too as I'm fascinated by Japanese design and culture." Felicity was absolutely thrilled to hear she'd been chosen Playmate Of The Year. "This could mean a need to rethink the future," she told us. "It might lead to some acting work as my friends all tell me I've got some talent in that direction! I'd really love to star in a TV soap. My role models are Goldie Hawn, Katharine Hepburn and Kathleen Turner but, hey, first things first! I plan to use my travel prize to take my mum on a holiday and I'm really excited about the car. I don't own a set of wheels and I'm always borrowing cars from my family and friends. I feel very lucky and honored to be chosen Playmate Of The Year and I'd love to personally thank all the Australian PLAYBOY readers who voted for me." Felicity, that could take an awful long time!

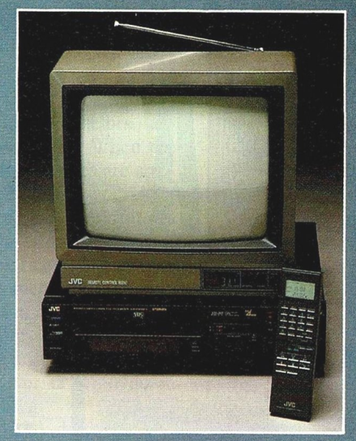
ALL THE BEST FOR FELICITY

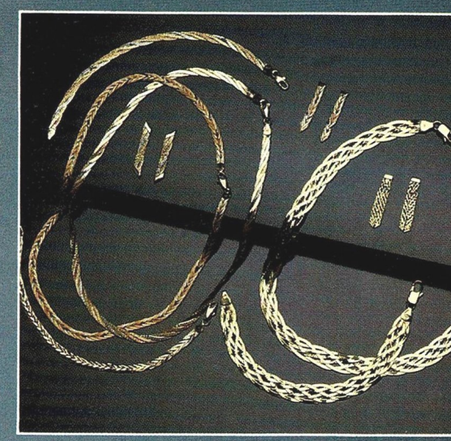
Our gorgeous Playmate Of The Year has won a lot more than a title.

What would Felicity's fame and fortune be without the romance of travel? Continental Airlines has seen that she won't be lacking in that department by offering Felicity a choice from any of 18 flights a week leaving Australia for the USA and Canada. She'll be taking the return business class trip with a friend to America's West Coast, stopping off both ways at Hawaii, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Tahiti, Fiji and New Zealand. What a way to go — and from the looks of Felicity, we can't think of anyone more deserving.

With the array of prizes that accompanies our Playmate Of The Year title, it's lucky for Felicity Collins that she won't have to decide which gift she likes best. At any rate, she can cart them all away in her new Alfa Romeo Sprint, a sportster with perfect weight distribution and precise aerodynamic balance, allowing it to hold the road with the best. The Sprint features a highly responsive 95-horsepower engine within its trim and racy lines. Extras include wrap-around bumpers, fog lamps, a large luggage compartment and a padded, non-glare dashboard. All controls are operable without taking one's hands off the steering wheel. This machine is of a truly rational design. Robust and reliable, it's yet another Alfa world-beater.

Another state-of-the-art prize for Felicity is a VHS camera-recorder from JVC (Victor Company of Japan, Ltd.). This VideoMovie camera, weighing in at 760 grams, is the smallest and lightest camcorder offered in any format. It boasts one-button, one-hand operation, making it as simple to use as an instant still camera. The exclusive accessory kit includes grip batteries, an AC power adapter and battery charger, and a cassette adapter which enables the compact tapes to be played back on regular VHS video recorders. Also from JVC, Felicity can screen her own videos on a 36cm color television, via her video cassette recorder. To complete the sound-and-sight collection from JVC, Felicity also gets a compact disc player, turntable, double cassette deck, receiver, headphones and a pair of speakers. Anyone for a party?





Beautifully complementing Felicity's new watch is a nine-piece set of stunning gold jewellery from the Ferrari Designer Collection. Each trio of three-piece sets includes a gold collar or necklet with matching bracelet and earrings. The first set features six flat chains of yellow herringbone plaited together. The second set is shaped in a flattering "V" pattern and the third is white, yellow and rose strands of gold with a soft pearled finish. Each shows the elegance of imagination of Italy's top jewellery designers.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL NOLAN

To keep her in step with time, our new Playmate Of The Year will wear an elegant gold wristwatch from Raymond Weil's new Fidelio range. This ultra-thin, waterproof Swiss timepiece with 18K goldplated case and bracelet offers the ultimate in classical wearing pleasure.

DREAM DATE WINNER

Helping Felicity to celebrate her win with champagne and fine food will be another winner, Warren Downing of Williamtown, NSW. Warren came up trumps in our Dream Date contest. Thanks to the thousands of readers who sent in entries for our Playmate Of The Year competition.

THE BACHELOR'S HOME COMPANION

A complete guide to female-free domesticity.

Article by
P.J. O'ROURKE

This is addressed to the true bachelor, an adult male and a gentleman, who has never married and never intends to.

We are a select group, without personal obligation, social encumbrance, or any socks that match.

Sherlock Holmes was portrayed as a bachelor. So was Raffles, the gentleman cracksmith. Sir Isaac Newton and Casanova were bachelors, also St Paul, Nietzsche, Oliver Goldsmith, George "Chinese" Gordon, Voltaire, and almost all the Popes. King Henry VIII kept trying to be one.

We are our own men, aloof and independent, unchocked wheels in a world of cogs and gears. We do as we damn well please. And we don't belong to any immune-deficiency high-risk groups either.

We also don't exist.

What's become of the bachelors of yore? The old salts? The misanthropic billionaires wedded solely to greed? Well, some of us turned out to belong to that immune-deficiency high-risk group after all (St Paul for one I'll bet). Some of us broke down and got married and are paying a fortune in child support. And the rest of us turned into "singles".

We are attempting to cut down on saturated fats. We live in co-op apartment complexes with heather-tone wall-to-wall carpeting. We try to meet girls at aerobics classes. And we're attempting to deal with our conflicting feelings about making mature commitments.

Therefore this is really addressed to assistant district sales managers, students sharing apartments, divorced guys, young men who've been told to get the hell out of the house by their parents, and the bloke whose girlfriend won't marry him because her first husband was such a bummer. That is, to every male in a house without pot holders. We are all bachelors now.

BASIC HOUSE CLEANING

Cleaning, like seduction, should be done from the top down — starting with the ceiling, which is ridiculous. Gravity takes care of that. If there were any dirt on the ceiling, it would fall off and land on the floor. The same goes for the walls. Dirt falls right off them and lands on the floor. And you shouldn't fool around with the dirt on the floor because it will get all over the walls and ceiling.

How often does a house need to be cleaned, anyway? As a general rule, once every girlfriend.

Save time by doubling up on big jobs. Wait until the floor is really dirty before you wash the dishes.

SEWING ON BUTTONS

Don't. You should always be missing some buttons. It's part of your boyish bachelor charm. Many a woman has sat down on the living-room couch to sew on a button and has wound up doing something more interesting on another piece of furniture in another part of the house.

If, however, you're involved with one of those very modern young women who prides herself on being useless around the house, you can reattach buttons with a stapler.

After that she can get to know the real you.

Don't try to kid women by being neat. Most bachelors *are* fairly neat. When the dirty clothes are stuffed in a dresser drawer, we think everything is under control, even if the floor is sticky. But women can tell tidy from clean, especially after they've leaned against a windowsill in a pair of white linen slacks.

And don't get too involved. There's a part of the human psyche that's never satisfied with chunks of an archduke at Sarajevo and has to have a World War I. If you really start to *think* about cleaning house, you'll wind up on a stepladder polishing out light sockets with steel wool. Repent of thoroughness. Eschew the systematic.

Concentrate instead on preventive maintenance. Discard anything that's harder to wash than you are. Any item of clothes or bedding that has to be dry cleaned more often than you commit a cardinal sin in it should be thrown away. Anything that has accumulated enough dust to write your name in has to go.

TRICKING MOTHER, LOVER, AND FEMALE FRIENDS INTO CLEANING UP FOR YOU

Some bachelors spend years in psychoanalysis claiming to have a dependency problem with their mothers just so the old lady will come over and clean every now and then.

You can try being pathetically incompetent in your cleaning operation. Let your date see you wet-mopping the windows or vacuuming the dirty dishes and she may feel compelled to step in. Or she may feel compelled to step out, permanently. Knowing today's women, what your date may do is dictate a memo on proper use of housecleaning equipment and courier it to you.

Romance is another strategy. For some mysterious Darwinian reason, women feel compelled to straighten up bedrooms before

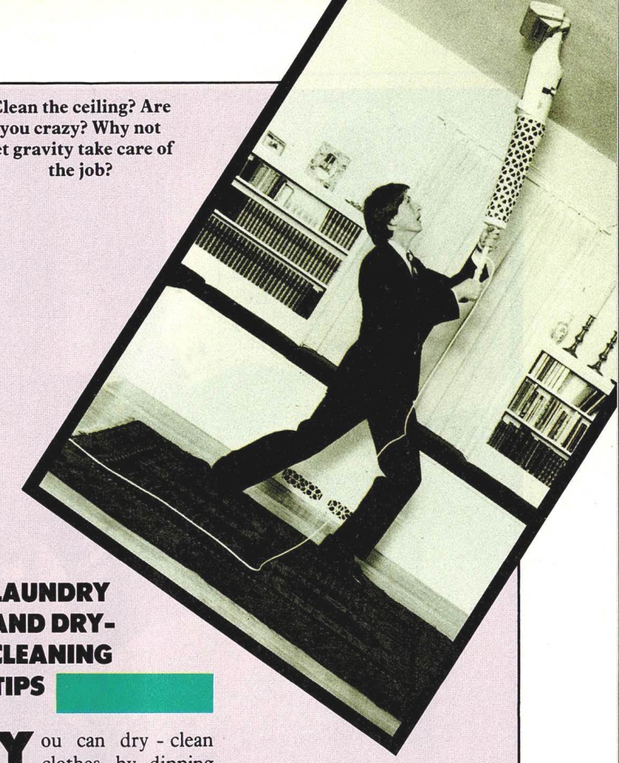
PEST CONTROL

Cockroaches These have been maligned. They don't smell, or drink your booze. Would that all house-guests were as well behaved. The ancient Egyptians even venerated the cockroach as a symbol of the sun. Well, actually, that was the scarab beetle, but worship one bug, and you'll worship them all.

Don't do anything about cockroaches. There's nothing you *can* do anyway.

Mice Don't put cheese in a mousetrap. Mice are much more attracted to fat, suet, peanut butter, and book bindings. And if you examine this list, you'll see, if the mice got it, you probably didn't want it anyway. So don't do anything about the mice either.

Rats Rats are another matter. You have to do something about rats. But don't poison them because they'll die in the walls. And a dead rat in the wall is the one thing on earth that can, I guarantee, make your bachelor home more disgusting than it is now.



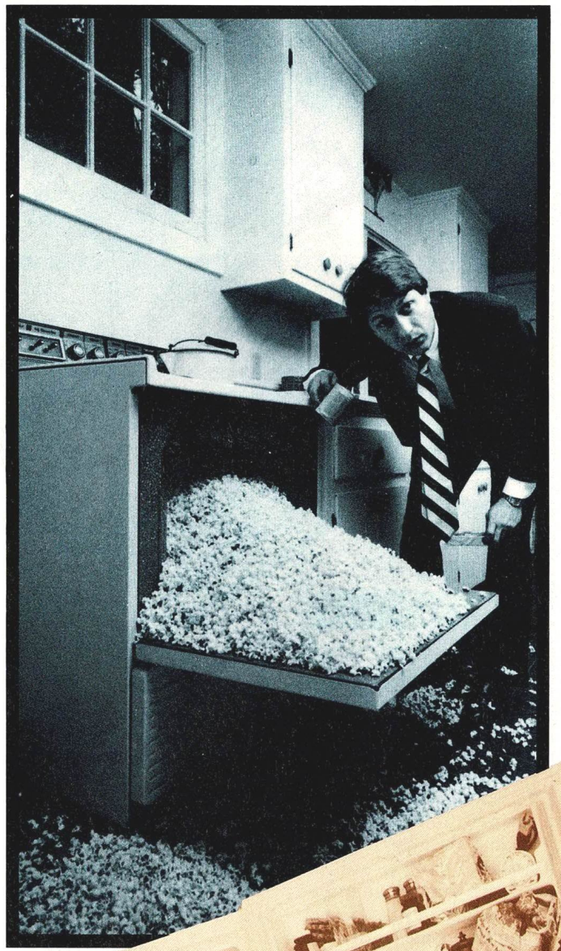
Clean the ceiling? Are you crazy? Why not let gravity take care of the job?

LAUNDRY AND DRY-CLEANING TIPS

You can dry-clean clothes by dipping them in petrol. (Clothes will be permanently free of all dirt if you do this near an open flame.)

- Petrol smell can be removed from clothes by sending them to the dry cleaner.
- Press wrinkled trousers by putting them between the mattress and box spring before going to bed drunk. In the morning you'll frantically search the house for your pants, and when you finally remember they're between the mattress and the box spring, you'll be so happy to find them you won't care that they're wrinkled.

If you run out of clean clothes, spray deodorant can temporarily restore socks (also sports coats, blue jeans and running shoes) to active duty.



No need to bother with complicated popcorn poppers. Just toss five pounds of popcorn kernels into the oven with a stick of margarine and set to 450 degrees.

MISCELLANEOUS BACHELOR TIPS

Home finance You can't put your VISA bill on your American Express card.

Insurance Does your homeowner's insurance give you full coverage for the following types of bachelor liabilities?

- Indoor car accidents
- Exploding microwaves
- Electrical blackouts during important sports events
- Your cooking
- Large wagers placed on the Sydney Swans while drunk

and after sex. Try making love in every other room of the house. Suggest taking a shower together. If the woman loves you, she'll rush right in there with a pail and scrub brush. The only problem is, she doesn't love you *enough*. Nobody loves anybody that much.

BACHELOR COOKING

There's only one secret to bachelor cooking — not caring how it tastes. If you achieve this, everything will be fine. Being a bachelor is, in this sole respect, like being a Buddhist mendicant. Wandering monks are expected to eat, without pleasure or distaste, whatever is put in their begging bowls. That shows they have transcended desire. There's a story about one monk who had a leper's finger fall in his bowl. The monk ate it and promptly attained enlightenment.

And this is the enlightenment he attained: "Frozen pies aren't so bad if you remember to take the plastic wrapping off before you put them in the oven."

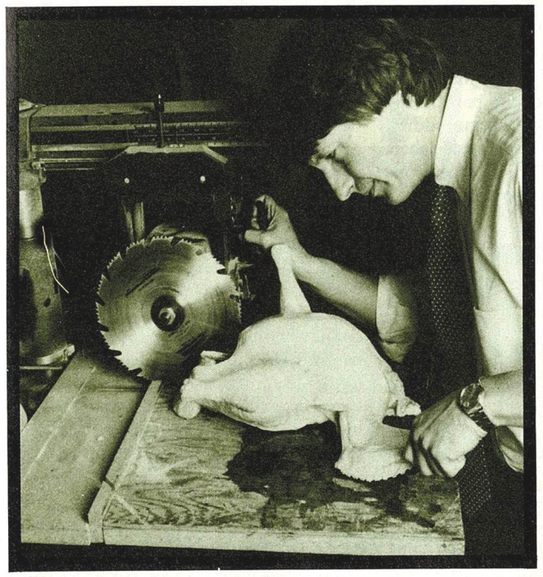
That's all there is to know. The rest is damage control — most of which can be done with tomato sauce and epsom salts.

Besides, if God had meant you to be a cook he'd have given you one of those big white hats.

THE SEVEN ESSENTIAL BACHELOR MEALS

Standard-issue breakfast Orange juice, coffee, scrambled eggs, toast, and bacon — it's a meal for any time. You can squeeze your own orange juice by putting oranges in a big plastic garbage bag and stepping on them. Or just buy it. Fresh coffee can be brewed by tying up the grounds in a clean white athletic sock and boiling. This is only a little worse than instant coffee. If you've lost your toaster or are using it to dry your footie socks, lay bread or muffin slices right on the stove burners. Bacon is hard to wreck if you put it in the oven (use a pan or the lid off something), and set the heat for 180°C or 200°C. Throw some frozen potatoes in with the bacon — delicious, and it lets you perform grease cleanup with your own stomach. The secret to scrambled eggs is a big two-fingered scoop of butter for each egg, and low heat so they don't catch fire and make the house smell like burning dog hair. You'll be tempted to add various things to the scrambled eggs, and you're going to give in to this temptation. Just follow this simple rule: Never put an ingredient into scrambled

There is nothing worse than an empty bachelor refrigerator — except a full bachelor refrigerator.



Modern-day electrical appliances can help take the drudgery out of preparing and serving large meals.

eggs that would make you gag if it weren't in scrambled eggs, eg turkey livers.

An interesting variation on the standard-issue breakfast is Floaters, or Death Over Easy. Tear up a quarter kilo of bacon strips with your hands, throw them into a fry pan and make grease. Break a couple of eggs into the pan and slop the hot grease over the eggs until they're done. Serve with aspirin and a bullshot (vodka in beef bouillon).

Real hamburgers The secret to getting that compelling/disgusting burger flavor that only roadside bars and all-night diners seem able to achieve is:

(i) Cheap ground beef that's at least 30 percent fat and 20 percent filler.

(ii) A dirty fry pan (readily available in most bachelor households).

Squish the burger patty down flat, put a bookend or doorstop on top of it, and turn the stove flame up high so that everything gets splattered. Use heaps of salt and pepper and only the gooeyest untoasted burger buns. Garnish according to how wide you open your mouth.

To make a cheeseburger, be sure to use cheese food, not real cheese. Atomic breeder reactors cannot melt real cheese. Slip the cheese slice on top of the meat after the initial doorstop squashing, and cover the fry pan with

TOOLS AND THEIR USE

Screwdriver For opening beer cans when the poptop has broken off, stirring paint, getting coins out of cracks in the floor. Handle may be used as hammer or for tapping stuck jar lids.

Phillips Head Screwdriver For punching holes in cans of motor oil.

Adjustable wrench For pounding nails.

Pliers For opening greasy tubes of sun block. Use in place of hammer when you can't find the adjustable wrench.

Claw Hammer For making delicate adjustments to thermostats, storm windows, loose plumbing fixtures and for threatening burglars and pounding screws.

Trowel For buttering toast when all the knives are dirty.

Wood Chisel For masonry work, turning screws, spreading grout or roofing tar.

Cross-Cut Saw For swatting the cat, propping open screen doors.

Tin Snips For emergency haircuts and detaching drumsticks from roast chickens.

Scotch Tape For making all actual repairs.

Being a bachelor has turned the author into a housewife — a lousy housewife.

HOUSEHOLD CLEANING PRODUCTS

Many men are confused by household cleaning products. For instance, will that blue stuff you put in toilet bowls flush the dirt out of extra-filthy clothes if you put it in the washing machine?

Powdered laundry soap Makes a serviceable room freshener when dumped under the couch.

Toilet bowl cleaners Use in toilet bowls, also sinks and bathtubs. They are the only thing that works on soap scum when your cleaning intervals are six months apart. (Do *not* use on self, pets.)

Drain cleaners Who looks down your drains? Why clean there? Drain cleaners will, however, dissolve all organic matter, which is a good thing to know if you're planning a murder.

Ammonia A whiff of this will clear up a stuffed nose.

Floor wax Excellent for emergency shoeshines.

Laundry bleach Too much eats holes in designer shirts; less won't do anything at all. Bleach is good, though, for cleaning and whitening your animal skull collection.

Saddle soap Can be substituted for baby oil in the bedroom.

Automatic dishwasher soap Works best if you open the box before tossing it in the automatic dishwasher.

Liquid detergent Great for washing the car or yourself in the shower, an excellent pet shampoo and will generally clean almost anything but the dishes.

Aerosol room freshener Pressurised can is helpful for filling party balloons.

WARNING: Be careful when using any of the housecleaning products listed above. Have you ever read the labels? These things contain more dangerous chemicals than Bhopal, India.

something (not your hand) until cheese food drips on to fry pan surface and looks like coal tar. Serve with beer, chips, another hamburger, more beer.

Peanut-butter-and-honey sandwich classic Proportion is everything. There has to be just enough honey to squirt out between the bread slices and just enough peanut butter to keep it from doing so. Use the freshest commercial white bread. Cheap honey is also essential. And use a brand of peanut butter that has at least a $5 million annual TV ad budget. Health-food store peanut butter is good only for cabinet-making repairs. Home-made jams, gourmet jellies, marmalade etc, are unthinkable. And never use french bread, wheat bread, rye bread, pumpernickel, croissants, or english muffins, though hot-dog buns will do at a pinch. It's also acceptable to use crispbread wafers.

Grilled cheese sandwich a la home from school for lunch Let me again emphasise the importance of processed cheese. Any attempt to use brie, camembert, gouda or even pre-sliced Swiss will get you drummed out of the International Brotherhood Of Bachelors, and you'll have to go teach ballroom dancing. Commercial white bread is also important here, but in this case it can be as stale as a hockey puck.

Melt too much butter in a fry pan and thoroughly slop all sides of the bread. Set at medium heat and crush sandwich with a dinner plate. This will reduce the finished product to an authentic 5mm thickness, while greasing the bottom of your plate so it won't stick to the kitchen table.

Serve with chocolate milk and tinned chicken noodle soup for an afternoon of total regression.

Steak Every bachelor believes that there's one dish he knows how to cook. For 98 percent of us this is steak. And we're right. Even we can cook a steak, especially if we don't get silly with the broiler or the charcoal grill and just fry it in a pan.

Buy the most expensive steak you can find, about as thick as the heel of an R. M. Williams boot. Salt and pepper it liberally and don't worry that salting the steak before it's cooked will make it tough. Salt does not make steaks tough. Poverty makes steaks tough, sometimes absent entirely. Put half a whisky glass of any kind of oil but motor or olive in a fry pan. Heat it up until the oil smokes like hell. Now take the batteries out of your smoke detector and put the steak in the pan. Fiddle with the steak, turn it over a lot and poke it constantly with a fork and knife. This does nothing for the steak, but it keeps you from wandering off and starting to watch the footy on telly and turning the T-bone into a flight jacket. As soon as you think the steak should cook just a little longer, stop cooking it.

Serve with scotch and warmed-over fries from McDonald's.

Spaghetti Divorce Style Boil spaghetti until it sticks to the wall when you throw it across the room. Drain through a tennis racquet or ex-girlfriend's fishnet stockings or the like. While this is going on, heat up a jar of spaghetti sauce and put things into it. As with scrambled eggs, the hard part here is stopping yourself once you've begun adding ingredients. Spaghetti is rarely fixed sober, and it may seem like a good idea to put everything in the house into the spaghetti sauce. This is not true.

ROUGH GUIDE TO SPAGHETTI SAUCE INGREDIENTS

YES	MAYBE	NO
spaghetti	egg noodles	beans
oregano	fresh basil	celery
garlic salt	garlic cloves	candy and gum
ground beef	frankfurt	dessert topping
tomato paste	tinned tomatoes	stewed fruit
chopped onions	cocktail onions	brussels sprouts
pepperoni	breakfast sausage	head cheese
leftover steak tips	leftover veal piccata	leftover burritos
wine	beer	whisky
anchovies	sardines	tuna
hot peppers	sugar	mayonnaise
		raisin bran
	smoked oysters	bananas
		flan
		baking soda

Genuine Texas Six-Gun Double-Toilet Chilli The recipe is exactly the same as the recipe for spaghetti sauce, except take out the spaghetti and add everything in the "No" column above.

THREE CULINARY EXPERIMENTS

Doggy Melt Boil or heat a hot dog or leave it out to get warm. Put it on a piece of toast or bread with a slice of processed cheese on top and put the whole thing in the oven. Doggy melts make a great plea for help. Fix these to make women feel sorry for you.

Girlfriend Chicken Put a raw chicken breast into a pot with a lid and pour the contents of a can of condensed cream of mushroom soup in there. Put the pot in the oven and cook at 180°C until you can bite into the chicken without gagging. You can pour the results over a big pile of toast if you want to.

This dish is customarily fixed by girl bachelors — your girlfriend, for instance. But you may not have a girlfriend, and if you live according to these precepts, you may not get one. So you can fix it for yourself. Seasoning may help. Or it may not. You might be able to put a potato in the mushroom soup. Maybe you should even boil it first. I have no idea.

Tuna Whatsit This is really horrible. The only reason you'd fix this is to show your ex-wife or your parole officer that you're trying to live like a human.

Mix a whole bunch of canned tuna with the now familiar condensed mushroom soup and a can of peas. It should achieve the consistency of play-dough. Put the result into something that won't explode in the oven — empty Chinese-food containers work well — and crumble potato chips over the top. Cook for as long as it takes to watch a footy match on TV.

ENTERTAINING

One of the best things about bachelorhood is that no one expects hospitality from us. We're obviously selfish people or we'd be married and holding up our end of the car pool. Furthermore, society is a free market and we are a scarce commodity. Every hostess in Australia is racking her address book for unattached dinner guests.

As long as our looks wouldn't actually kill a brown dog, we have more invitations than Charles and Diana on Coronation Day. In return, all we have to do is keep our fingers out of wedding rings. Ours is the life of the happy drone. The whole hive of civilisation is busy feeding us and keeping us amused.

Nevertheless, there are moments when bachelors are expected to act the host. Sometimes lovers or parents corner us, sometimes we give in to misplaced whims of congeniality, and sometimes 20 old surfing mates show up on the porch, pissed as newts.

There are three types of entertainment a bachelor is traditionally called on to provide: (i) Love trysts; (ii) Dinner parties; (iii) Enormous drunken blow-outs.

The love tryst The proper love tryst has three elements: (i) Drinks; (ii) Cosy meal; (iii) Interesting excuse.

The interesting excuse is not actually interesting. It just gives your date an excuse for not saying goodbye when she ought to. Usually it's a videotape of something highbrow like a Truffaut remake of *Francis Joins The Navy*. With any luck you won't see the end of it.

The important thing in a love tryst is to make your home tug at your date's heartstrings. Women like to think every bachelor is one of the Lost Boys who wandered away from Never-Never Land while Peter and Wendy weren't looking.

Turn your place into a female's idea of a mess, which is to say clean it. Women know we can't take care of ourselves, and they think this is adorable. But that doesn't keep them from blanching at the sight of soap scum. Now muss your home with boyish clutter. Hang neckties from cute places like the refrigerator-door handle. Stick your hat on top of a lampshade. Leave a half-empty wineglass on a table next to a burned-down candle and sheets of stationery covered with crossed-out lines of poetry. (Steal them from Rupert Brooke.) Toss your tuxedo on the floor. And use a wastepaper basket for an ice bucket. This is what women mean when they say, "His place was a fright." If your place is really a fright, they won't stay long enough to describe it.

Be sure all towels and sheets are clean. And make your bed, no matter how strange this seems. Women make their beds each morning and they assume everyone — criminals on the lam, animals in their burrows — does the same. It isn't hard, once you have the knack. Just keep tucking the end parts of things under the mattress

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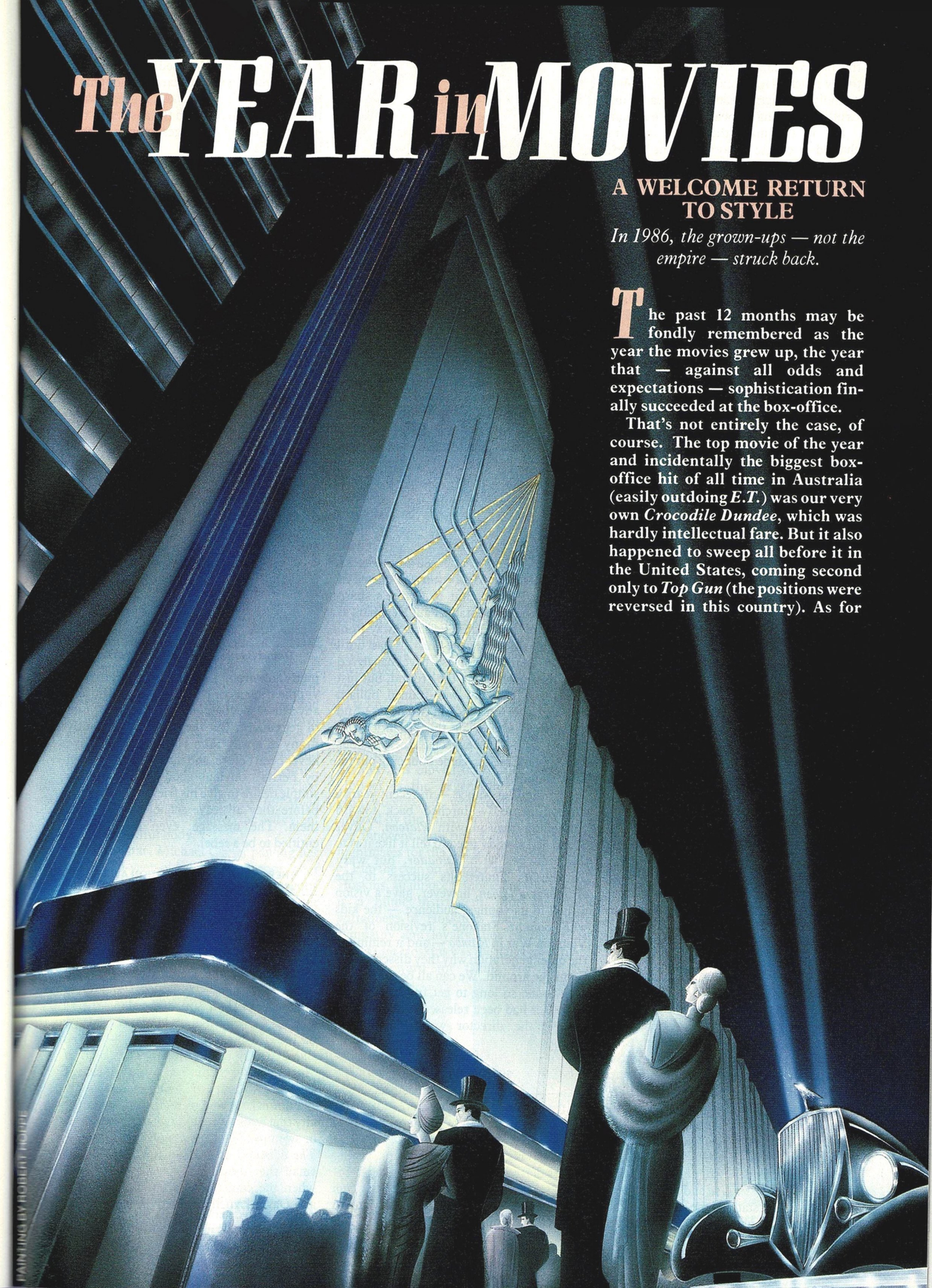


The YEAR in MOVIES

A WELCOME RETURN TO STYLE

In 1986, the grown-ups — not the empire — struck back.

The past 12 months may be fondly remembered as the year the movies grew up, the year that — against all odds and expectations — sophistication finally succeeded at the box-office.

That's not entirely the case, of course. The top movie of the year and incidentally the biggest box-office hit of all time in Australia (easily outdoing *E.T.*) was our very own *Crocodile Dundee*, which was hardly intellectual fare. But it also happened to sweep all before it in the United States, coming second only to *Top Gun* (the positions were reversed in this country). As for

PAINTING BY ROBERT TOUTE

the bellicose and noisy *Top Gun*, it was pretty much playground stuff, and its star, possibly the biggest star of the year, Tom Cruise, is nothing if not a major teen dream.

But in the main the movie industry charted a course away from the lowest common denominator and surprisingly enough, it worked, both critically and financially. Audiences responded like crazy to movies that in years past would have been stillborn, or at least fatally crippled because of their unmarketable concepts. The English film *My Beautiful Laundrette*, about a frankly gay couple who make it in the suds'n'duds trade, played to packed houses, as did *Mona Lisa* with the excellent Bob Hoskins, and *Sid And Nancy*, the love story of an unlovely couple, the ex-Sex Pistol, Sid Vicious, and the groupie who turned him on to heroin, Nancy Spungen. But even the major circuits hit paydirt with a period comedy like *Room With A View* which played big city cinemas for six months, moved to the smaller houses and then moved back again when the Oscar nominations were announced!

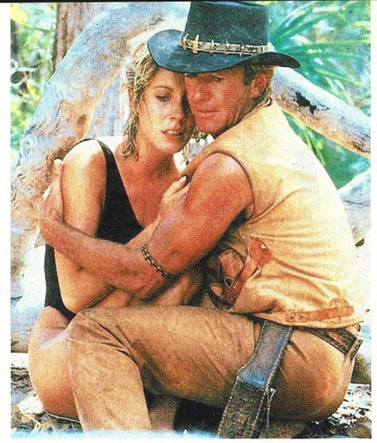
TREND OF THE YEAR MOVIES FOR PEOPLE WITH BRAINS

Woody Allen's *Hannah And Her Sisters* was a surprise box-office success, his first in

Tom Cruise in Top Gun: zero-dimensional squirt.

many years. It helped raise the tone for all that followed. Allen, who seemed to have retreated shyly into the world of small films after his back-to-back classics *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*, made his first screen-filling movie in years. The characters, the plot, even the laughs had all grown back to full size. The movie dealt with the complexities of all sorts of relationships — familial, marital, extramarital, even the relationship between a neurotic and his neuroses. Allen has made some great but introspective movies in between but this time the director himself was out there leading the laughs and — amazingly enough — working out the angst before the closing credits.

Many "smart" movies followed *Hannah* on to the high ground, even if they showed a disconcerting tendency to plunge off cliffs. *Children Of A Lesser God* and *Room With A View* played like state-of-the-art TV dramas of the highest quality with well deserved



Paul Hogan says G'Day.

success. *Legal Eagles* made a valiant but most of all *expensive* attempt to revive the Tracy/Hepburn school of repartee, and deserved a better reception, given crackerjack performances from Debra Winger and Daryl Hannah and far more mature direction from Ivan Reitman than was evident in his smash, *Ghostbusters*. Perhaps the increasingly stodgy (and old) Robert Redford helped torpedo it.

The Color Of Money, too, had relationships to burn. This time around, Tom Cruise was playing a cocky little squirt with some life in him, as opposed to the cocky little zero-dimensional squirt he played in *Top Gun*. Playing flint to Cruise's sharp edge was the redoubtable Paul Newman, as the slowing Fast Eddie Felson. Away from pool-table side they were great, at least until director Martin Scorsese psychoanalysed their relationship into the ground, but just how many shots of well-trained billiard balls can a person watch in two hours? And those final scenes in the Atlantic City tourney hall — one expected Rocky Balboa and Apollo Creed to come bouncing out for a few rounds.

And the War Movie — in recent years a cartoon genre — lurched back toward chastening realism with *Platoon*. Oliver Stone had already tried to tell it like it is to the rednecks with *Salvador*, but wary distributors limited its success to the arthouses. *Platoon*, however, gave a vision of hell to its younger audience — the kids who bought Stallone's revision of the Vietnam War in *Rambo* — and it reminded the older generation why they dissented the first time around. We can all be thankful it took Stone so long to get funding for the film. If it had been released in the wake of *Rambo*, the director would have been lynched.

SUPPORTING TREND: MOVIES ABOUT BOYS

In any given year there are dozens of movies glorifying boys. You know, coming-of-age movies in which boys wax manly by losing their virginity, getting drunk, roping cattle, destroying cars, or becoming vampires. This year was no different. *Top Gun* was a homoerotic tribute to the navy and to Tom Cruise's pumped-up jaw muscle. *The Karate Kid Part II* posed the question, "How is manhood connected to chopping a board in half?" Apparently, a great many people were interested in the answer — the movie was one of the biggest money makers in Australia.

Stand By Me, a story of four touchy-feely 12-year-old boys who come of age while hunting for a dead body, was a huge hit among the boy-worshippers. The movie's appeal stems from grown-up boys' sentimental attachment to the mythical golden days of their youth. These kids would make you think that Freudian analysis was a standard part of the seventh grade curriculum.

Ferris Bueller's Day Off was a Reagan-esque boy fantasy for people who wonder: what if you were the richest, most charming kid in school and could get away with anything? At first the film's message seems

David Byrne tells his True Stories.

pretty abhorrent. Like Ferris, every arrogant yuppie dreams of being above the law and any self-respecting audience longs for him to get caught. But the movie is brilliantly funny in a way John Hughes's films have never been before, and ultimately it is saved by Ferris's obvious good humor and his simple desire to give his friends a good time before they all leave school and he loses them. The message: even a yuppie is entitled to be a rebel.

THE BEST SUPPORTING LOCATION AWARD: CHICAGO, THE BEAUTIFUL

Last year Hollywood spurned itself as the film location of choice and discovered — tah dah! — Chicago. The Windy City's prettiest lakefront served as a strolling lane for Rob Lowe and Demi Moore in *About Last Night*, and Billy Crystal and Greg Hines drove their squad car along the El track in *Running Scared*. There were plenty of other Chicago movies too — *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* again and *The Color Of Money* among them. You could get sick of the place without even living there.

Filmmakers who weren't working in the city that works were hiding out in the jungle or swamps (*The Mosquito Coast, No Mercy, The Mission*) or making fun of towns so small that they dried up and blew away when the cameras stopped. David Byrne and David Lynch invented the small towns

(continued on page 106)

ANOTHER KIND OF HERO

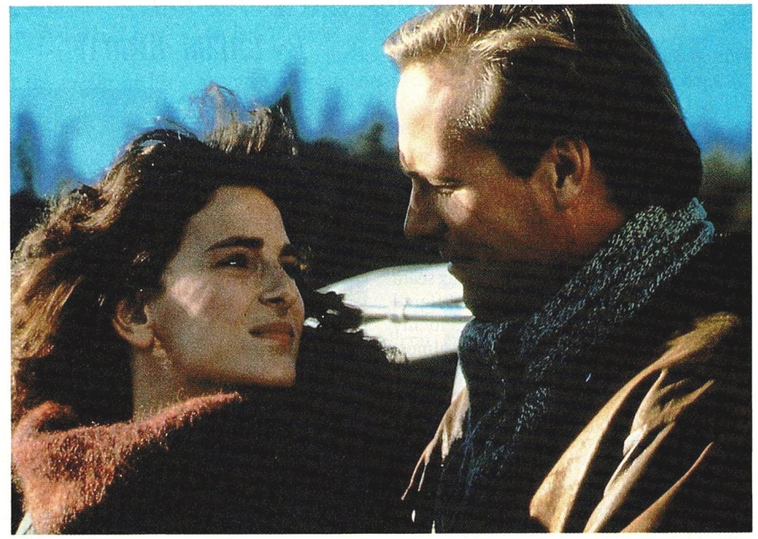
Not all stars have perfect muscles and typecast morality.

Beyond the realms of the matinee hunks like Sylvester Stallone, there is a class of actors who bring such unpredictable talent to their roles that they defy idolatry. Their characters, because they are so fully human, are never going to end up as plastic toys. Yet they stand above the common lot; they are outstanding screen presences who manage to be both quirky and heroic. Let us then look back at the year and salute those particular actors who consistently refused to fit the mould and thereby made going to the movies so worth while.

In *Children Of A Lesser God*, William Hurt turned in one of his usual intelligent, passionate performances as an exuberant teacher in a school for the deaf. Commenting on the Rambo/Rocky phenomenon, Hurt once said: "Our job as actors is to perceive our humanity, not to create pathological heroes." He has conveyed the humanity of such unlikely characters as a devolving scientist (*Altered States*), a cynical Porsche-driving drug pusher (*The Big Chill*), and a jailbound homosexual window-dresser (*Kiss Of The Spider Woman*); he could bring life to marble statuary.

Sigourney Weaver, who at times resembled a female Rambo in *Aliens*, still managed to bring her cool intelligence and commanding height to the heroic job of alien-bashing, and claimed her place as the first feminist superhero. Very different, and yet somehow retaining the same integrity, was her research doctor-cum-high class hooker in the unjustly neglected *Half Moon Street*, in which she displayed the full extent of that beautiful body.

Her co-star, Michael Caine, playing her portly 70-year-old lover, a Labor peer involved in top secret Arab-Israeli negotiations, also came into his own this year, after having contented himself for years in the ranks of minor stars. Fulfilling the promise of *Educating Rita*, he was seen in a series of major acting roles, the best of which was



William Hurt and Marlee Matlin: Communication problems in Children Of A Lesser God.

probably Mia Farrow's self-absorbed husband in *Hannah And Her Sisters*.

Many moviegoers might have liked to take a crack at Dennis Hopper with their own alien-blaster after his sicko performance in *Blue Velvet*. As the sadistic "Daddy" to Isabella Rossellini's masochistic "Mummy" he oozed menace, as if he were breathing vapors from hell through his nasty little inhaler. Now that Harry Dean Stanton has moved on to nice guy roles, Hopper is the degenerate of choice in Hollywood, and with that face, pock-marked by the shrapnel of hard times since the innocent days of *Giant*, he could fuel nightmares for the rest of the 20th century.

Flip the coin on Hopper and you find Bob Hoskins, an innocent movie lug whose head is a blunt instrument. But the dull-wittedness of Hoskins's characters spurs sympathy and loyalty, not contempt. In *Mona Lisa* Hoskins was the naive ex-convict whose reward for taking the rap for racketeer Michael Caine (in another commanding role) is the job of chauffeuring a prostitute (Cathy Tyson) round her clients. Called on to defend the honor of his leggy charge with her adorable Liverpool accent, he blurts out: "She may be a tall, thin, black tart, but she's still a fuckin' lady." Only Hoskins could make that defence stick.

There are others who deserve recognition. Brian Dennehy, a man for all screen sizes (he was bigger than the West in *Silverado* and a most sympathetic alien in *Cocoon*) did his usual rock solid work in *F/X* and *Legal Eagles*, and Dianne Wiest neatly embodied the dizziness of the upwardly confused in *Hannah And Her Sisters*. This, too, was Woody Allen's yearly gem and again demonstrated that his best comic creation is himself, still funny after all these years. So, as the movie clones and sequels mount up, it's heartening to know that there are still a few wildmen and women who are stirring things up, making movies new again.

Michael Caine hits his stride as Mia Farrow's wayward husband in Hannah And Her Sisters.

An unlikely couple: Ex-con Hoskins and hooker Cathy Tyson in Mona Lisa.

STUDIO WARS

In this year's battles of the box office, executives came and went along with the films.

By **GREGG KILDAY**

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

Just when it seemed the time had come to write the Australian cinema off again, particularly in view of the proposed repeal of the 10BA tax scam whereby investors were at one time offered as much as 133% tax deduction, suddenly the local industry staged an almost unbelievable resurgence. First of all, Paul Hogan's privately financed *Crocodile Dundee* became a world-wide hit, in a way which no foreign film has ever done in the United States; then a little film by an unknown female director, *Malcolm*, swept the Australian Film Institute awards *and* did enormous business in all major cities, running for well over six months *everywhere*; and finally, and possibly most significant of all, Dino De Laurentiis announced his intention of opening a production house in Australia, with a $15 million personal investment in the studio, to be built near Surfers Paradise, with something like $7.5 million support from the Queensland government.

The new company, De Laurentiis Entertainment Ltd (DEL), to be owned 46.9% by the parent company, was rushed as soon as it was floated in January, to the tune of 55 million ordinary shares at 50 cents each. Other interested parties include Terry Jackman, who did so much to market *Crocodile Dundee* and who will be managing director, and Bruce Beresford, who will be a member of the board and direct DEL's first film, *End Of The Line*. The studio should be operational by November and produce five films before the end of the year, although it will also be responsible for marketing the parent company's product through Australia as well.

Hollywood, meanwhile, as if caught in some self-reflective time warp, staged a massive retro-manoeuvre this year. While on screen the crew of USS Enterprise was leaving its heart in 20th century San Francisco and Peggy Sue was once again losing hers at the high school prom, the movie industry was making its own detour back to the future. Even *Top Gun*, the top-grossing movie of the year stateside with $250 million in its flight plan, played like a high-tech remake of the 1927 silent film *Wings*, the first Oscar-winning best movie.

But if, at times, everything old seemed new again, there *were* limits, and it was Atlanta media hypester Ted Turner who stepped beyond the pale when he decreed that 100 classic black-and-white films — from *Yankee Doodle Dandy* through *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca* — would be tarted up via colorisation for broadcast on his Turner Broadcasting System. The computerised color-coding immediately stirred up Hollywood's most emotional protest in years. Jimmy Stewart, at a press conference sponsored by the American Film Institute, begged that his 1946 Christmas classic *It's A Wonderful Life* be seen "the way (director) Frank Capra and (cinematographer) Joe Walker wanted it to be seen". Steven Spielberg protested, "You cannot remake a movie simply by giving it a new paint job, but you can easily destroy one." And, most eloquently, that lion in winter John Huston reared up from his wheelchair to lament, "It is as though. . . our children have been sold into white slavery. They've been brutalised. These poor little creatures have had their teeth knocked out, have been given black eyes, bloody noses. Now they've peroxided their hair."

Turner was unmoved. "The last time I checked, I owned the films that we're in the process of colorising," he snarled. "I can do whatever I want with them."

In truth, the cause was already lost, for the color of money prevails. Even as the storm raged, the other studios — convinced that their black-and-white libraries would earn more if they could be shown on TV in color — were quietly signing on with the peroxide merchants.

If Turner held the spotlight of criticism, it was not only because he had been first to wield the coloriser's brush. Hollywood had been forced to stand by helplessly as, earlier in the year, he had systematically hacked up Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, once the *grande dame* of the studio system, and ridden off into the sunset with the studio's valuable film library in his hip pocket.

Although the sentimentalists lamented MGM's dismemberment, the remaining studio heads were too preoccupied with keeping their own bodies intact to pay much notice. As the shell-shocked MGM/UA sank to the bottom of the list in terms of studio share of 1986 film rentals, Paramount Pictures — enjoying a wealth of hits such as *Top Gun, Star Trek IV* and the Australian import *"Crocodile" Dundee* (the quotes added so as not to confuse US citizens into thinking it was an animal film) — vaulted to the top, commanding 22 percent of the market. Paramount's victory was all the sweeter given the fact that two years earlier, its successful executive team had splintered: Paramount chairman Barry Diller, breaking with his corporate bosses at Gulf & Western, left to head 20th Century-Fox; while the studio's president, Michael Eisner, departed for Disney. His successor, Frank Mancuso, who had come up through the sales ranks, was regarded sceptically, but he confounded his critics by aggressively staging Paramount's blitz. By comparison, *his* predecessor, Diller, has failed to rework his old magic at Fox. Eisner again summoned his Paramount power to miraculously re-energise Disney, reversing decades of dormancy to jolt the studio into third position on the strength of tough-talking, sexy hits such as *Down And Out In Beverly Hills, Ruthless People* and *The Color of Money*. Caught in the squeeze, the normally reliable Warner Bros dropped from its commanding 1985 share of 18 percent to a second-place 12 percent, just two percentage points above Disney's total.

Similarly, a new regime at Columbia is striking fear into the hearts of the blockbuster deal makers. When the studio's

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Our film critic Graham Barry picks the best, the worst and the magic moments.

BEST *(in alphabetical order)*

Blue Velvet Without doubt, the kinkiest film in years. See Dennis Hopper snorting drugs through his gas mask, while demanding to hear Roy Orbison sing "Candy Colored Clown"! Hear Isabella Rossellini breathe "Are you a bad boy? Would you like to hurt me?" Enjoy!

Hannah And Her Sisters Woody Allen at the height of his powers, actually allowing himself a happy ending.

Highlander Swashbuckling romance at its best, with Christopher (*Greystoke*) Lambert as one of the Immortals, destined to fight to the death at The Gathering in modern-day New York for a mystical, unspecified prize.

Mona Lisa Bob Hoskins is splendid as a small-time crim with an old-fashioned code, who finds life outside jail has left him behind.

Platoon Oliver Stone tells the Vietnam War like it was, through the eyes of volunteer Charlie Sheen, with outstanding support from Tom Berenger and Willem Dafoe.

Room With A View: Sophistication strikes gold.

Room With A View James Ivory's adaptation of E.M. Forster's romantic comedy won over all but the stoniest hearts.

Runaway Train Edge-of-the-seat suspense with Jon Voight as escaped lifer on a driverless train to nowhere.

Ruthless People Bette Midler is not a nice person to kidnap, especially since hubby Danny De Vito wants her dead anyway. And her kidnappers are such a nice couple! A barrel of laughs.

Salvador This time director Oliver Stone tells it like it is *now*, through the eyes of sleazebag journo James Woods.

Sid And Nancy Tender love story of two unlovely people, a Sex Pistol and the groupie he stabbed before his own overdose.

WORST *(in alphabetical order)*

Big Trouble In Little China Team John Carpenter with Kurt Russell and how can you go wrong? After the umpteenth karate fight you realise that big budgets don't make up for lack of ideas.

Cobra The muscle-bound macho flick finally hit rock bottom —and Stallone managed to fail at the box-office. There *is* hope.

Heartbreak Ridge How can you be gung-ho about the US marines invading tiny little Grenada without blushing, Clint?

Pretty In Pink Will Molly Ringwald get asked to the prom by wimpy Andrew McCarthy? What will she wear? Do you care?

Saving Grace Tom Conti seemed to think that broken English was a fair equivalent to an Italian pope's Italian. Heart-warming to the point of nausea.

Most overrated award: The Mission.

Shanghai Surprise Slack direction made Sean Penn and Madonna look like downright amateurs.

The Fly Most overrated horror movie of the year, with non-performance from Jeff Goldblum and Geena Davis.

The Mission Presumably the comparison with today's worker priests and popes and dictatorships made this seem relevant to the jury at Cannes Film Festival, who overlooked how spectacularly dull it was.

The Umbrella Woman Question 1: Who thought up the title? Question 2: Why involve Bryan Brown, Rachel Ward and Sam Neill in this pointless, demeaning and evidently oversimplified love triangle?

Top Gun Last year's US top grosser was gross also in its amazing Cold War attitudes to Ruskies, sexist treatment of women and simple-minded approach to everything else.

GREAT MOMENTS, GREAT LINES

Crocodile Dundee didn't just have more popular appeal than any other film in the world except the jingoistic *Top Gun* in the past 12 months, it also had some of the best lines, which is more than its competitor could boast — indeed *Crocodile Dundee* scored a screenplay Oscar nomination, while few people can remember if they talked in *Top Gun* or not. Whatever its weaknesses, who can forget Hoges confronted by muggers in New York and being warned by co-star Linda Koslowski, "They've got a knife!" "That's not a knife," he responds, taking a blade half the size of a samurai sword from his inside pocket, "This is a knife." Later, as the three muggers flee, he comments that they are, after all, "just a bunch of lads having a bit of fun on a Saturday night"!

Ferris teaches Chicago to boogie on his day off.

The nearest thing to *Rambo* that we got this year (and one thousand times more intelligent) was Sigourney Weaver in *Aliens*, who delighted by blasting her foe away in order to save the little girl with the words, "Leave her alone, you bitch!" No less resourceful was Bette Midler, who gave her kidnappers a really hard time in *Ruthless People*, but when confronted with the news that they had been forced to lower her ransom price, could not restrain the cry, "I've been kidnapped by K-Mart!"

Kathleen Turner had many good moments in *Peggy Sue Got Married*, largely because being transported back 25 years gave her the gift of hindsight. "I'd forgotten you were so young," she says to her mother; and to her father, "Oh, Daddy, you would buy an Edsel!" British films had more than their fair share, too, probably because the standard was so high. Leaving aside Bob Hoskins's reference to his "tall, thin, black tart" in *Mona Lisa*, there was probably one of the year's most significant scenes in *Sid And Nancy*, when the ill-starred couple turn up at the methadone clinic in the States for their fix, and are berated by the black health worker who is convinced that the government is using drugs, both legal and illegal, to keep the young from revolution.

But without doubt the best scene of the year came from *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, when Ferris, who has been trying to show his best friend a good time all day, is faced with the fact that the lad is not enjoying himself. Whereupon Ferris commandeers a float in the Thanksgiving Day parade through Chicago, persuades some German maidens to join him in miming to The Beatles' *Twist And Shout* and in no time has the entire city boogying.

And the worst? Try Clint Eastwood in *Heartbreak Ridge*. Having successfully invaded tiny Grenada with the US marines, he manages to shoot down an "enemy" machine gunner. Sauntering over, he turns the body over with his boot, picks a cigar out of its top pocket, smells it and declares, dead-pan: "Cuban." Somehow it seemed to encapsulate Reagan's whole approach.

Thank God, then, for Charlie Sheen in *Platoon*, who manages to stop four of his buddies from raping a Vietnamese girl and in reply to their "She's only a gook," screams, "She's a human being."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

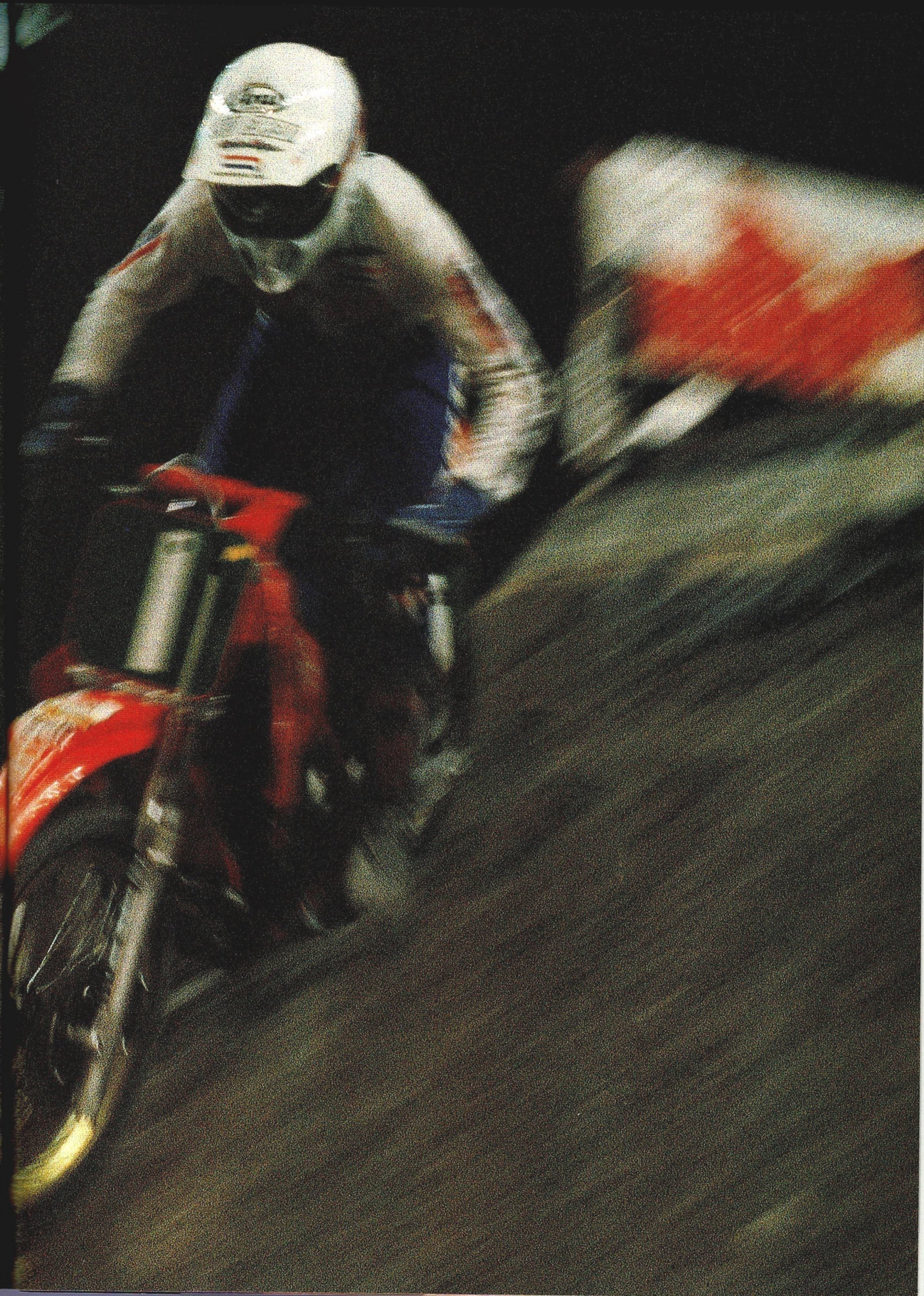
Motorsport by **ROB LUCK**

STADIUM MOTOCROSS

Those wild men on outdoor bikes have come zooming inside.

IT IS THE last lap. The engine screams, the bike becomes airborne, the crowd shrieks, the chequer swirls. For one freeze-frame split second the rider hangs in space, both fists defiantly two-fingering the air in a look-Ma-no-hands V-victory salute. It is a total triumph.

But he lands badly. The bike explodes off a hump and slingshots the rider back into space. He gyrates down the track like a dismembered golliwog, the bike in hot pursuit, performing majestic endos and corkscrews. An eternity of agonising body-thumps later he slumps on a mound, seemingly lifeless. His



Motocrossers do it standing up these days.

Three hours of action-packed frenzy!

faithful mount, still doing mid-air wheelies, is right behind, dropping out of thin air to crush him like a cockroach. The helpless critter twitches a little, like a squashed bug, then goes still. The crowd ooo-aahs and silences. Surely he is finished. . .

Stadium motocross is the hottest indoor sport to hit town. And the newest. It is the most dramatic stadium sport devised since Ben Hur went chariot-racing, more gripping than those famous test matches: Christians v Lions.

There are generic similarities. The sport is conducted in arena bowls — many Stateside venues are even called "coliseums". The combatants wear protective armor and the contest is a take-no-prisoners fight to the finish. There are few rules, and a competitor will go over, under or through his opponent to win. There are spectacular shifts of fortune in the battle. The fans are frenetic, yelling for blood or demanding elimination of a despised combatant. There is the same crowd-caesar interchange, course commentators stirring mass emotions, shouting odds on a contest or a disqualification.

There are differences too. Really-truly blood is rarely drawn. There has never been death or even serious injury. In the worst clash of steel steeds the worst outcome is fractured personal framework — fibulas, tibias, collarbones, ribs. Nothing worse. Would you believe the rider in the above incident, who snatched defeat from certain victory, was on his feet moments later, riding immediately, winning again within the hour?

Stadium motocross is about bringing a sport of the vast outdoors back indoors, pitting riders in head-to-head combat against a tortuous track piled with daunting obstacles. The main thrust of the sporting concept is *accessibility* to the general public. There is no doubt that MX is one of the world's most spectacular sports, but if it is only run back o'Bullamakanka it sure ain't gonna get a big cult following.

Motocross first moved to big-city venues in speedway bowls and large open playing fields. This suited the riders, who could generate velocity and rhythm like on the country tracks, but it was too remote from the viewing audience. The answer was the smaller, tighter tracks — more difficult to ride, but more intimate for the spectators. By putting the action into indoor bowls, thousands of ordinary individuals, quite unfamiliar with the sport, can taste the drama and action of this exciting sport at close range. Consequently, the atmosphere is electric. From Perth to Paris, it is the boom sport of the 1980s, debatably the fastest growing spectator sport in the world, definitely the hottest new property in Australian sport entertainment.

Australia, dragging its entrepreneurial heels as usual, has just discovered the sport. Sure, stadium MX has been staged successfully *outdoors* for five years or so, drawing crowds that would embarrass the promoters of most recognised sports. Sydney Showground, for example, pulled 35,000-plus souls on a single night, figures equalled in Brisbane and Melbourne.

But stadium MX indoors is another matter. Until the Sydney Entertainment Centre grew out of the shambles in Darling Harbor, there simply was no venue in the country. Even then, the pundits and sceptics gave it no chance. The noise would deafen, dust would swirl, the pollution would turn the place into a mass-tomb bigger than Belsen. Even before that, the management snickered at the thought of dump-trucking 100 tonnes of earth on the same shiny platform shared by the world's greatest orchestras and entertainers.

Plenty of attention-grabbing action trackside, too.

Well, they were wrong. Phil Christensen, front man for the Sydney-based motocross specialists Horsley Harrison and Associates, fronted right on up to the EntCent management. He carried some powerful ammunition: trading as Supercross Masters, the outfit has been at the forefront of motocross promotions for many years, staging many of the more successful outdoor supercross events (including Sydney and Melbourne Showgrounds). They had the promotion experience and they had the mind and will of the industry and the riders (through association with the Mr Motocross Series — the Australian championship for motocross riders). They were well connected with scientific and technical experts and had press affiliation.

As Christensen now tells it, the management was the most progressive, the most receptive organisation he had encountered in almost 20 years of involvement in motor sport promotion. It's not every day that a concert hall operator comes face to face with an individual who wants to tip 100 tonnes of dirt on his floor, dig out his orchestra pit, sandbag his spectator fencing and move in a tribe of screaming banshees to play hell with it all, but they took it well.

Obstacles were a-plenty, but barriers were knocked down, hurdles cleared. Noise and pollution tests gave the project a quick, clean bill of health (the decibel rating was a fraction of a pop concert and there was 1/50th of the pollution measured daily on a major highway). The most significant modification to be made to accommodate the machinery indoors was the opening of a single 12 metre hatch in the roof.

A pit area was designated outside the entrance to the main doors and special preparation areas allocated in the dressing rooms. The start gates for the racers were laid out at the doors so the maximum emission of noise/pollution (at the start of the events) would be directed straight outside.

A forest of other problems was confronted, tackled and overcome. The project finally got a firm date for June last year, in a sandwich of conventional entertainment consisting of Dire Straits (before) and Torvill and Dean Ice Spectacle (after) — you might say between rock and a hard place.

The promotion worked out somewhat differently. The first night virtually sold out on announcement through radio promoters Triple M Sydney. The second night was a capacity crowd. Tickets, marked considerably below current pop concert levels, were rushed at $22 a place.

What the patrons got was three hours of action-packed frenzy. The performances were split. A popular Yanks-versus-Aussie tussle for the opener and the championship-deciding Supercross Masters finale (Saturday night). The Yanks were all-the-way winners, taking the series and the individual crown (Jo Jo Keller).

It is the perfect formula for this sport. Any noddy can see that the environmentalists, the conservationists, the greenies, the limp-wrists and the goody-two-shoes are pushing any form of action sport further and further into the backblocks. Every speedway, car and motorcycle track in the country is under siege. Many have been shut down, most are under threat of closure. Some have just given up in despair at the regulatory nightmare, the urban warfare. But this is the answer, and it is wowser-proof. Indoor rock concerts (also an extinct phenomenon in outdoor guise) have already proved that tar and cement is decibel proof. Stadium motocross has gone one better — it is living evidence that the ultimate indoor action can equal every regulation for health, welfare, noise and air pollution, as well as safety.

The sport is spreading — and fast. From coast to coast. This year, indoor motocross will dot the country from Brisbane to Perth. Two breakthrough venues are the Brisbane Entertainment Centre (at Boondall) and the brand-new Perth Entertainment Centre (with roughly four times the floor-space of the Sydney Centre — a dream for a motocross promoter). Promoters are scouring Adelaide and Melbourne for indoor venues. A hot series of (outdoor) supercross events is ripping up the Queensland coast from Brisbane (four) and Surfers to Mackay, Townsville, even Mareeba (on the Darling Downs). In just two years, huge reputations have been established for country events in Newcastle, Mildura and other small centres. The year 1987 was barely days old when small and sleepy Lismore on the north NSW coast turned out 4000 for a nationals-only supercross. Many of these venues will go indoors in the next few years. Entertainment centres and other venues planned in Adelaide, Canberra and Hobart will open up further possibilities.

Between the frantic racing, the Nissan Big 1 monster truck crushes cars.

Preparing for chariot-style racing.

Stadium motocross is an evolutionary sport. It probably got its origins in the Old Dart, when a bunch of pommies decided to take their road bikes through the hedgerows and into the fields. Big, cumbersome roadies took to the terrain like elephants to ice-rinks. Basically they all fell down. People who were watching also fell down — laughing. A sport was born, clods watching clots.

But man, if a slow learner, is at least a tinkerer. The bikes soon shed their road hardware, got leaner and lighter, grew taller and got more suspension travel. Riders got more adventurous, mastered mud and grass and headed for the hills. Hanging off these desperate machines was a motorised trapeze act, so a logical name evolved — scrambling. Pudding-basin helmets and footy jerseys were de rigueur.

Soon it was man-to-man, man against nature, man against himself. Opinions polarised as to how it should best be done. There were tortoise-and-hare divisions. The slow-and-steadies wanted to explore finite balance and manoeuvrability skills. The hares wanted it all mixed in with a go-for-broke formula. So trials riding evolved — an ultimate test of balance and precision over unbelievably difficult terrain, where even to put a foot down was to lose points or an event. And motocross evolved — where covering open, lumpy terrain with snaking turns at the maximum velocity was the idea of the game.

The sports have prospered and there have been further splits (enduro has hived off from motocross to establish an individual long-distance motocross comp; ultra-enduro or marathon has extended this to the limits of human endurance — Paris-Dakar/Wynns Safari etc).

But motocross has got the limelight. Two factors cemented its popularity. First there was supercross (the installation of man-made obstacles on the rough terrain), then there was indoor supercross. Supercross typically includes massive double, triple, quad or sixes combination jumps. There can be bridges and flyovers, ramps, camel-backs, pits, hollows, wall-of-death banked turns, and stutter-bumps. And when the sport came in from the cold, relocated in the epicentre of mass-population areas, it received a mass cult following.

You don't have to be crazy to ride motocross, but it helps. Certainly there is powerful evidence that any serious competitor must have had cerebral hot-wiring of the "fun" and "pain" cells, for the two are rarely entirely separated in this most demanding of sports.

Consider, first, the level of physical fitness required. The sport medicine cognoscenti now recognise that motocross riding demands the highest level of physical prowess of any sport, far overshadowing the benchmarks of the past.

Motocrossers do it standing up these days. Such is the uneven nature of the terrain that the modern MX cycle has become something like a crazed automotive buckjumper. Just to stay aboard, the rider must form himself into a totally independent

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I, CLAUDIA

You'll be over the moon about our beautiful Miss June.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

Gorgeous Claudia Kopacka will turn 20 this year and she's already well on her way to a successful career as a ballerina. "I have been dancing since I was five," says our delightful Miss June. "My mother made me practise very hard but I'm a determined kind of person and I knew that if I worked hard at it I would succeed." At about the same time she was tying on those little ballet shoes, Claudia was also learning to ski. "My parents are keen skiers," she says, "and they put me on the nursery slopes as soon as I was big enough. Now I have several cups for giant slalom and I think I'm a pretty good skier. There are lots of other sports I'd like to try as well. I think you can do absolutely anything if you put your mind to it." Claudia says she judges men by their vibes. "The way a man attracts me has nothing much to do with sex," she insists. "Tenderness and emotion are much more important to me. And if a man can't tune in to me, then he can forget about any sort of relationship." And where to from here for this hard-working and very sensible young lady? "Travel is on the agenda," says Claudia. "My parents come from Austria and I'd like to go there soon."

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: CLAUDIA KOPACKA

BUST: 86cm (34") WAIST: 64cm (25") HIPS: 86cm (34")

HEIGHT: 173cm WEIGHT: 54 kg

BIRTH DATE: 4·8·67 SIGN: LEO

AMBITIONS: TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BALLERINA AND TRAVEL THE WORLD.

TURN-ONS: GOOD MUSIC, FRIENDS, DATING INTERESTING MEN, EATING FRENCH FOOD.

TURN-OFFS: SMALL TALK, PESSIMISM, EGOTISM, FASCISM, FORCE, GETTING UP EARLY

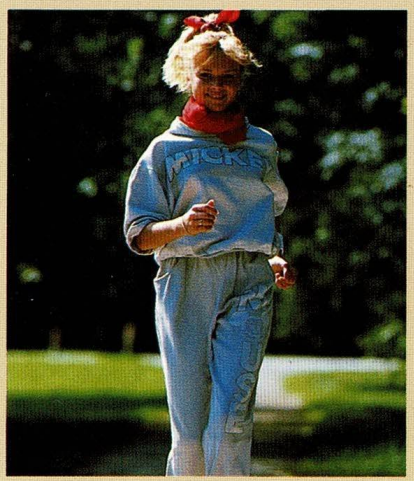
FAVORITE BOOKS: TRAVEL BOOKS BY ERIC NEWBY AND JAN MORRIS - I LOVE MAGAZINES TOO.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: ROBERT REDFORD, SEAN CONNERY, JOE COCKER, THE REAL THING, LEVEL 42.

FAVORITE SPORTS: SKIING, TRAVELLING, BALLET DANCING

IDEAL MAN: IS TALL, SLIM AND IS SYMPATHETIC TO MY NEEDS.

SECRET FANTASY: I DON'T HAVE ONE - IF I DID, I'D BE TRYING TO MAKE IT COME TRUE.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The elderly matron walked into her solicitor's office and told him she wanted to divorce her husband of 58 years.

"Mrs Meyer, 58 years is a long time," the lawyer said. "Do you have grounds?"

"Grounds? No grounds. We live in a harborside unit. We got no grounds."

"No, no. What I mean is, do you have cause?" the man asked. "For example, does he beat you up?"

"What?" she squawked. "Beat me up? I'm up by seven every morning. The bum is still asleep."

"I *mean*," the solicitor tried, "is there a special reason to want a divorce now? Do you have a grudge?"

"Sure, we got a grudge. It's robbery what they charge us for a unit with its own grudge. But who wants to park on the street?"

"Mrs Meyer," the exasperated man said, "I have to know why you want a divorce after all these years."

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" she scoffed. "I want the divorce because I'm sick to death of Mr Meyer telling me we can't communicate!"

As he tightened the noose around the outlaw's neck, the sheriff generously declared, "We'll allow you two minutes of grace before releasing the trapdoor."

The condemned man leered, "Jesus, that's not very long but I guess you'd better send her on up anyway."

The two women were lunching together when one said to her friend, "I can't figure out that really cute bloke over there. He was trying to flirt with me a moment ago and now he won't even look at me."

"Maybe he saw me come in," announced the other woman. "He happens to be my husband."

Striking out yet again at the bush dance, Tom began the long, lonely walk back to his property. When he was halfway home, the rounded, moonlit sides of the pumpkins in the paddocks reminded the horny bloke of so many shapely bare arses.

Settling down next to one of the ripening vegetables, he cut a hole in the side and began to get physical with it.

"Hey, mate," a voice said, "what the hell do you think you're doing with that bloody pumpkin?"

Tom bolted upright, saw the policeman's uniform and, thinking quickly, blurted, "Pumpkin? Christ, is it midnight *already?*"

When the old cowboy walked out of the saloon and went to unhitch his horse, he noticed that the animal's testicles had been painted green. Storming back into the bar, the fellow hollered: "Okay, which one of you sons of bitches painted my horse's balls green?"

From the back of the room, a huge man, with arms as big as tree trunks, slowly rose from his chair. "I did," he rumbled. "And what are you gonna do about it?"

"Oh, nothing," the old man gulped. "I just wanted to tell you the first coat is dry."

An Aussie tourist visiting Los Angeles for the first time went to a brothel and selected six girls for the night. The next morning the madam informed him there would be no charge.

Knocked out by this good ol' Yankee hospitality, he returned the next night, selected the same six girls and had the time of his life. In the morning, however, the madam presented him with a bill for $1000.

"Hey, I don't understand," the man protested. "On Tuesday it was free."

"That's right, sir," she replied, "but on Tuesdays we're on cable TV."

Do you expect me to believe that you were playing golf from seven in the morning until seven at night?" the woman asked her husband. "You should have been home by three."

"Now, let me explain, Carol," Harry replied. "I got up at dawn and picked Fred up by six, but on the way to the course we had a flat tyre. I didn't have a spare so I had to walk several kays to the nearest petrol station.

"By the time I got back to the car, it was after nine. Then we ran out of petrol and that cost another hour. We didn't tee off until just before lunch."

"You *still* should have been home by three," she insisted.

"I'm not finished," Harry explained. "Everything was fine for the first two holes, but then Fred had a heart attack. I ran to the clubhouse to find a doctor but had no luck. By the time I got back, Fred was dead. So for the next 16 holes, it was hit the ball, drag Fred, hit the ball, drag Fred. . . "

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Before I can sell you this particular suit, you'll have to fill out an environmental impact statement."

MAKING TRACKS

If you go cross-country skiing Down Under, you've got the white stuff.

THE SNOW WAS a bitch of a climb away. Two climbs, really. Up a switchback track we plodded, laden with backpacks, skis sticking up from their sides like the curve-tipped antennae of giant insects. Then we clunked back down the hill to make our second ascent with the pulk, a sled of Scandinavian design, loaded to the hilt with supplies for eight people for up to 10 days. Dragging a sled on snow is bad enough at the best

Adventure by
LEIGH HEMMINGS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES W. KAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY L&B HEMMINGS

A break in the weather encourages everyone out skiing.

of times; carrying it to the snow is even worse. Thankfully, our mountain guides would be sharing the joy of cross-country sled dragging.

Within minutes of hoisting backpacks, clipping boots to skis and pushing off, all lingering curses at the initial trudge to the snow were erased by the beauty of the landscape. Laden snowgums drooped. Far mountains glistening white seemed to extend forever. Snowfall had brought with it the purity of a clean untouched scene, and beneath that white mantle lay tangled underbrush which summer bushwalkers find tough to penetrate. As winter travellers we made our passage high above this obstacle on a layer of converted water. Instead of slogging we glided. Our tracks would be covered by the next snowfall and melt in the summer sunshine.

The snow was damp and slow, a blessing which helped skis grip the uphill slopes and braked our descents, making them slightly less than out-of-control heart stoppers. But after one, two, three hours passed, the beauty of the landscape was having trouble subduing the cries from rasping breath and aching legs. Our bodies hadn't yet moved into the groove of heavy energy demands which would come in the next few days at higher altitude.

Muscles unused to skiing, and balance made tentative by weighty backpacks, are an ideal recipe for falls, especially when a little tiredness creeps in. This is backcountry ski touring. Over-compensation for track deviation sits you on your arse, under-compensation thrusts you into a full headplant. Getting back up on the skis after a succession of falls can be just plain hard, or impossibly difficult, especially when you do something dumb, like slipping down a slope and getting wedged at the base of a snowgum, or ending a fast "go for it" run buried in a big drift. A downed ski tourer floundering about in iced, white fluff is like a giant sea turtle helplessly inverted on a soft sand beach — just as ludicrous to the viewer, just as frustrating for the victim.

Watching a lithe figure on light cross-country skis diagonal-stride along parallel cut tracks is a delight. It is natural poetry born of balance, poise and graceful motion. But muling along to a snow camp, this elegance of movement is debased by a backpack shuffle. The first time you attempt to lug a weighty pack while using cross-country skis the whole venture seems impossible. Just grunting the bloody pack from ground to knee needs a clean and jerk, then a quick snatch on to the back before you are ready to totter forward. And it *is* a tottering motion, based on the desire to stay upright and not crash dive.

First tottering steps with a full backpack.

So, like tired, overweight drunkards we shuffled up toward our campsite. As we slowly gained altitude I pondered the continuing truth of the advice from the *Australian Ski Year Book* way back in 1928: "Skiing in mountainous country is no sport for weaklings . . ." it claimed, then went on to suggest a simple cure for the condition of mild exhaustion I was fast approaching: ". . . a tot of whisky is, with a little swearing and rough language, sufficient to force the novices into safety."

No tots of life-sustaining elixir other than water, nor audible rough language, were forthcoming from our guides. We traipsed onward and upward. Finally, at the campsite, our burdens were unceremoniously cast off and sat upon. A piece of chocolate, a handful of nuts and dried fruit scroggin, and a swig of cool water. Heaven.

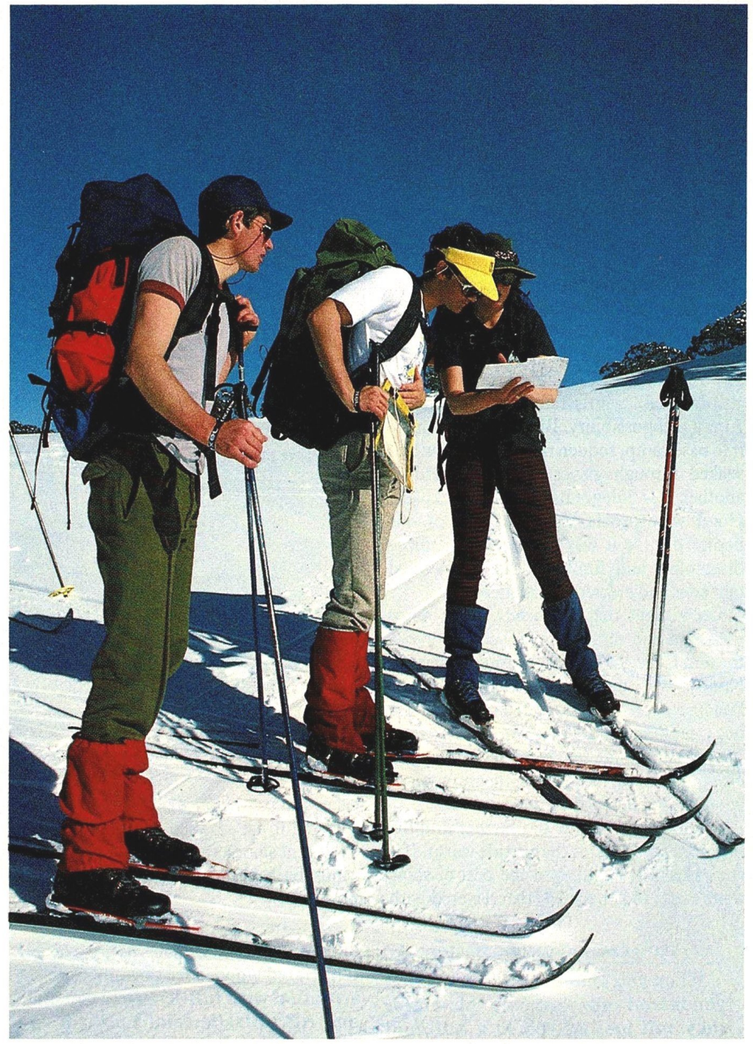
A break, and relief from the weight on our backs, gave us the energy to make tent sites. In most camping, given a little fossicking, you eventually find a nice level tent site. When you're snow camping, you go out and make one.

Three bodies to a tent means one wielding the snow shovel and the other two jumping and slapping the snow into flattened submission. It takes a good dollop of energy to get the snow like a billiard table, but the effort is worthwhile. You learn by making mistakes. On a previous trip I'd been slack on the first night and thought close enough was good enough. The site looked almost level. As a just punishment I spent a frustrating night swimming upstream to prevent the bag and me sliding out of the tent.

This time our tent site was flat enough to host a session of *Pot Black* before we actually tried putting the tent together. To reduce the weight, one person carries the poles, one the tent and one the fly and pegs. After you have established which end is up, the idea is to flick the swag of folded aluminium into long joined poles, then follow the tent seam lines from one side to the other.

The first few attempts to transform a jumbled mass of rip-stop nylon into a free-standing dome tent are a work of enthusiasm and luck. Once assembled, however, an entire dome tent can be picked up and moved about the place, turning it to ensure you will capture the first morning rays of sunshine, or gaze upon the best view. The catch with tent mobility is that, if left unattended in a blustery wind, the damn thing can take fright and try a suicidal downhill run into the nearest icicle stream. We subdued our tent with a few pegs, threw in unrolled mattresses and left them to inflate themselves (instead of lung capacity competitions blowing up lilos, most well equipped snow camping outfitters have self-inflating mattresses which keep you just removed from the snowpack).

The mattresses had hardly gained full inflation by the time it was pitch dark. Dinner consumed, we were all tucked into snow bags in record time knowing tomorrow was to be a repeat of today. Low scudding cloud greeted the first heads to poke out from the tents. By breakfast we'd performed that mystical ritual of fitting all the gear back into apparently shrunken backpacks. Why is it that gear seems to magically expand overnight? And gain weight. Or maybe it just seemed that way as we negotiated the little grunter hill out of camp to re-attain the main track toward Schlink Pass.



Learning to navigate in the snow.

Overnight snow had made the skiing much quicker so gliding through any dips was sheer pleasure. As some of last season's feel had returned to the skis, we'd also become a little slicker on our feet. Most of us were using no-wax skis with fish-scale pattern or mohair strip bases. Constructed of ultra-modern fibreglass laminates with metal edges, these cross-country skis are strong and light, yet designed for back-country touring.

The sophisticated skinny boards which kept us gliding and climbing were 125 years of technology beyond the first skis used in these parts, but our enjoyment at using them was exactly the same. They say that when the miners at Kiandra first discovered skiing (they called it snow shoeing), all the fence palings from around the cemetery disappeared overnight.

As the illustrious Doctor Schlink wrote in *The Lure Of The Snowfields* (1926): "Between him (the ski runner) and the hillside there is nothing but two wooden palings which respond to every change of rhythm of the slope and, as they rise and fall,

Using a half cave as cooking shelter.

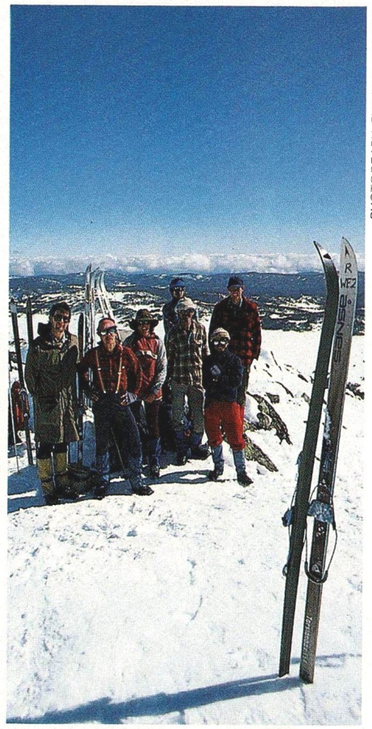
leaping over hillocks and diving into dips, they seem living and vital things with a will that is all their own."

As we crested the pass named after the good doctor the weather came down to meet us like a wet, grey overcoat. The light dropped and contrast faded, smothering our perception of speed and distance. Everyone felt the need to stick together. We became a cohesive mass stopping and going as one, feeling our way through the murk.

I remember reading an American book recently where the author stated one of the good things about snow camping is that it never rains. Well, buddy, do we have news for you! Warmer conditions and lower altitude make winter rain in the Australian Alps a real possibility. By the time we made it to base camp, sodden rain/sleet/snow had soaked through gloves and boots, adding another few kilograms to each backpack. Good waterproofs kept the bulk of our bodies dry, so it was with just a bit more discomfort and fumbling that we created tent sites and erected our shelters.

On a night that alternately pisses down with rain and dumps snow, keeping inside the tent is the go. That night, since it was too bloody wet and cold to go out, the Wilderness Expedition guides delivered a hot cuppa and meal right to the tent flap. Sitting half in our sleeping bags we supped on a macaroni, bacon and cheese goulash which tasted better than *haute cuisine*.

After dinner we just slid further into the bags and switched off the outside world. If it snows hard enough, even the best of snow tents starts to get coated, then layered with snow. Inside the tent this added thickness makes things quite cosy, but fools you into believing it has stopped snowing. A whack on the tent sloughs off the accumulation and brings back the gentle twinkle of falling snow.



PHOTOGRAPH BY L&B HEMMINGS

Room at the top.

If the weather turns really nasty, there's no need to clear the tent of snow, since the raging wind will take care of that. Tents are not the only way to keep snug in the snow; spend a night in a snow cave or igloo and you will be blissfully untroubled by the nastiest of blizzards. Both structures are luxurious and relatively warm but can take a long time and lots of energy to construct.

As the temperature plummeted our energy was channelled into deep sleep. A distant cry of black cockatoos announced morning. Overloaded snowgums bowing under the weight of night snow measured just how much white rain had fallen.

Our whole valley had changed appearance. Gone were the tracks of yesterday. Gone was the dark foliage. All was white, new, fresh and just waiting to be skied.

And that's the whole point of snow camping. Once the hard slog's been done, once base is established, thousands of hectares of untrammelled snow are yours to explore. Light packs and fresh snow combine for pure fun. Up come the tails of the skis, diagonal strides start to look like strides and not shuffles. Steep hills are trotted up, then raced down in hair-brained fashion. The skilled descend the slopes with magical displays of linked telemark turns. The less proficient have as much fun putting together traverses and snow plough turns.

Given a tad of fine weather, there are huts to visit, streams to ford, humps to jump, and mountains to climb. This is back-country ski touring and snow camping at their very best.

SNOW CAMPING: GETTING STARTED

When you announce to friends that you intend snow camping this winter they will look at you in a different light. Viewed from afar it might seem an overt sign of impending madness. After all, who the heck wants to be many kilometres from the nearest hot spa, centrally heated lodge or cosy soft bed and all for the dubious delight of sleeping on frozen water?

Ignore the strange looks, take a week off this winter and do a snow camping course with one of the better adventure travel outfitters. You can ease into it with a couple of days camping out at the end of a week of lodge-based cross-country skiing. If you have some experience on the skinny skis, then take a full camping trip.

For first-time snow campers most equipment can be hired, but if you get the bug, buy your own gear after you have experienced a few seasons on hired gear. When carrying weighty backpacks into the back-country you need specialised gear, aside from the usual day-skiing clothing and safety equipment.

SKIS & BINDINGS: $364.Asnes MT54 laminated wood-core torsion box construction with full-length metal edge and ABS plastic reinforced tip and tail, with pronounced side cut for turning. Rottefella super telemark bindings. You don't need heel locators.

BOOTS: $150-$300. Should be genuine high cut, like the Asolo Glissades, not revved-up sneakers.

PACK: $250-$400. You need a softpack with internal frame and broad waistband, like the Karrimor Condor. The backpack needs to hug your body and not sway about as you are skiing.

TENT: $480. Macpac Olympus, 3kg, tunnel design with three hoops. The tent should be simple to erect, even in a gale.

SLEEPING: Above the Thermo-rest self-inflating mattress ($115) should be a top quality Australian-made sleeping bag such as the superdown J&H Winterlite ($478). Teamed with a Gortex-topped bivvy bag ($228), it will keep you warm and dry in the lousiest of weather. Karrimor Polarguard-filled tent booties are a necessary luxury.

ADVENTURE TOUR OPERATORS

There is a great range of ski-touring snow-camping trips available in NSW and Vic. Most have a fitness rating of medium to strenuous and presume you can ski the skinny boards and have had some snow-camping experience. In Victoria you can do a traverse across the Bogong High Plains for up to a week. In NSW within the Kosciusko National Park there are six and seven-day Mt Jagungal trips and a 10-day Kiandra to Kossie ski tour. Contact these leading operators for further details.

WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS: 100 Clarence Street, Sydney. Tel: (02) 29 1581.

PEREGRINE ADVENTURES: 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne. Tel: (03) 602 3066.

BOGONG JACK ADVENTURES: PO Box 209, Wangaratta. Tel: (057) 21 2564.

AUSTRALIAN HIMALAYAN EXPEDITIONS: 377 Sussex Street, Sydney. Tel: (02) 264 3366.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH/ARTWORK BY ALEX LAVROFF STUDIOS

Here's a colorful and practical combination that will wear well on the slopes or in the lodge. His pants are by Trek Dry, $240; jacket from Tornado, $98; boots by Salomon, $295; sunglasses from Sunjet, $39.50. Her tangerine suit is from M.G. Signature, $340. The headgear is from Flize, $16; the Salomon boots are $380. Both models are keeping time with Swatch watches.

Fashion by VITEK

SKI WHIZ!

This season, it's an up-market look on the downhill runs

Red jacket by Salomon Down, $360; blue pants from Roberta Tonini, $260. Her green jacket by M.G. Signature, $240; white pants from Tonini and skivvy by Maser. His red suit from M.G. Action, $240; sunglasses from Sunjet, $39.50; gloves by Sal Racing, $98. All boots by Salomon and scarves by Margot Gear, $22.

The yellow jacket here is by Rael, $150; red pants from Roberta Tonini, $260, and matching skivvy from Maser, $49.50. Blue jacket from Tyne, $270; pants from Roberta Tonini, $260; headband from Margot Gear, $8.50;

Goggles — Carrera Ultrafrost $54.50-$79. Watches — Swatch (available leading department stores and fashion boutiques). Skis — Dynastar Course $530, Kevlar 3G $660, Rossignol Strato $445. Bindings — Salomon $79-$255. Ski Poles — Dynastar Verticals $57. Boots — Salomon SX61 $295, SX81 $380.

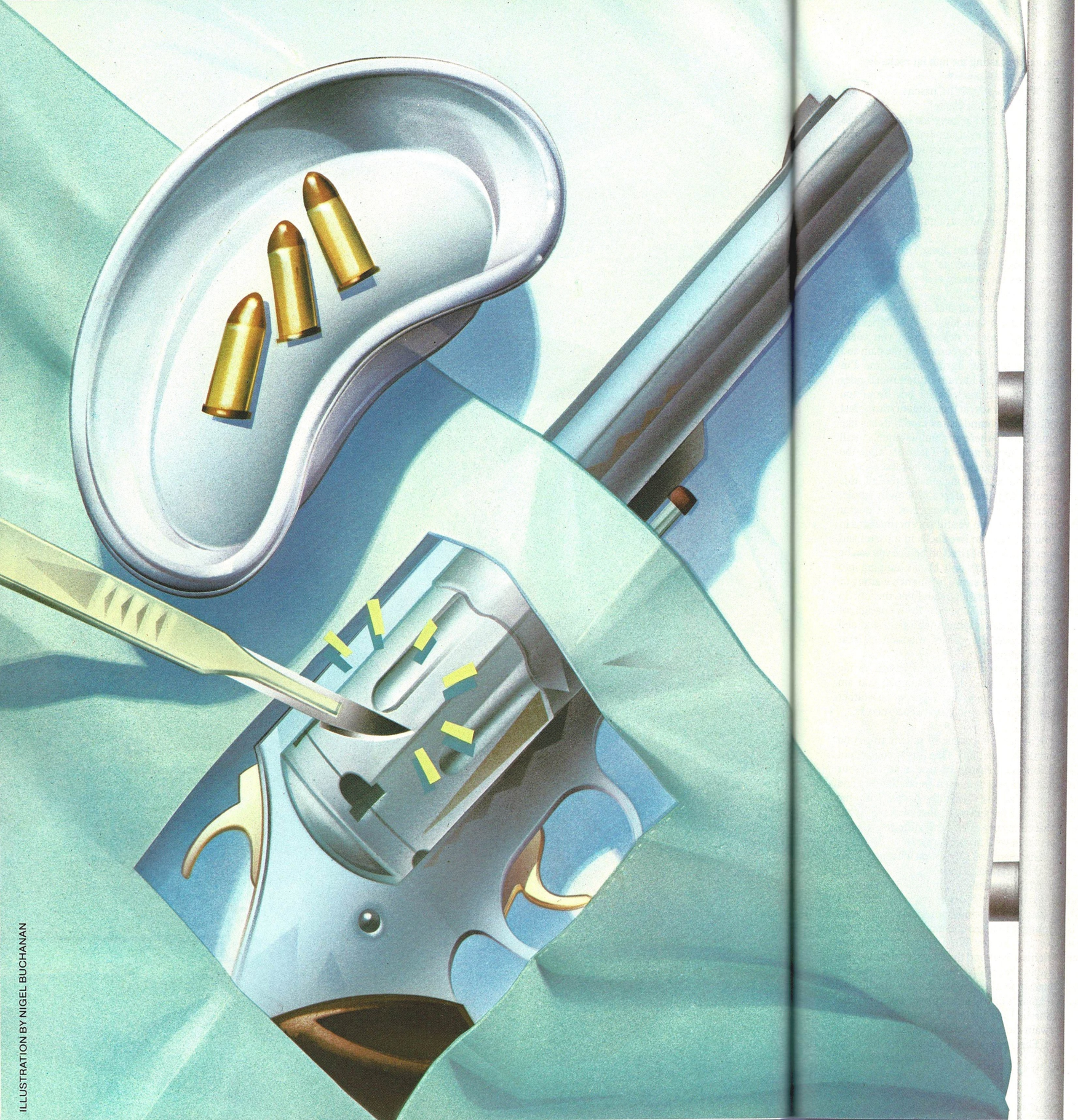


ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Article by BOB CUSSONS

HITTING THE SAC

A couple of nicks in the right places, and you too could be firing blanks in bed.

IT MUST BE one of those weird human foibles to grin in the face of impending pain. That's what I'm telling myself as the orderly wheels me down the corridor toward the operating theatre. The time is four years ago and I'm heading for my vasectomy.

The most difficult part of a vasectomy is not the operation itself but getting used to the idea of being sterile. From now on I'd be firing blanks. That concept requires a bit of adjustment when you've been conditioned since adolescence to believe that casual sex encounters can lead to the labor ward nine months later if the woman involved is tempting fate by not taking precautions.

After lengthy counselling from my GP, a satchel of forms and

more counselling from the surgeon, I still can't believe how light I'm making of the fact that a guy with a knife is about to relieve me of my ability to procreate. With three kids on the scoreboard I figure I've already done my share for the future of the human race. What's more, I ask myself, have I any right to add to the numbers in a world where the nuclear threat guarantees mankind at best an uncertain future?

IT'S A SNIP

Taking your scrotum or future in hand, you front your GP for what may be the crunch consultation. Yes, you think, I want to have a vasectomy.

If you are currently married you'll be obliged to be accompanied by your wife for the counselling process because she will doubtless want to scan her baby blues over the documentation before she decides whether she grants her permission. In most cases, formal acceptance on the part of spouse is required.

More and more GPs perform this simple operation under local anaesthetic in their own rooms these days. However, don't be surprised if your quack refers you to a surgeon or urologist. One urologist we spoke to said that about 80 percent of vasectomies he performed were done under local anaesthetic. "A general anaesthetic is administered only at the patient's request or for technical reasons such as when complications arise or in the likelihood of associated pain," he said.

The operation under local or general is a simple one taking about 20 minutes. The incision is made near the top of the scrotum as that is where the vasa deferens are closest to the skin's surface.

The severing of the vas prevents the passage of the sperm from the testicles to the seminal vesicle and so terminates the flow from the source of ejaculation. Yes, you can still ejaculate, but the vital ingredient will be missing.

You can expect to walk around bow-legged for a day or two. In most cases there will be some swelling accompanied by pain and a little bruising.

Not all states of Australia view vasectomies as a bona fide op. In fact, they are illegal in Queensland. That's why so many Queensland GPs do them, er, under the lap, or advise patients to head for Tweed Heads just across the NSW border where you can pull off a jackpot on the pokies and have the snip done all in the same day.

In the previous fortnight I've been exposed to a crash course on the whys and wherefores of vasectomies. After careful consideration I had approached my GP (an old friend) to explain that I was considering the operation. He talked me through the loop of what might happen should I remarry (back then I was 29 and divorced) and team up with a girl who was desperately keen to have kids. Yes, modern micro-surgery means that vasectomies are now reversible but the results cannot be guaranteed.

"There is no way you can go into this," he cautioned, "thinking that a simple bit of micro-surgery will reverse things if you don't like the outcome. It's important to take the attitude that a vasectomy is really a one-way street."

Now, I've lived most of my adult life with the knowledge that my sperm count was too high for my own good. This was potent stuff. You dribbled a bit on the carpet and it burnt a hole. You even think about sex and next thing you know you're down the labor ward with a fistful of flowers and another mouth to feed.

Believe me, here was one guy who was darned certain a vasectomy was exactly what he wanted.

•

The doctor says okay and pulls out an illustration to show where the surgeon is going to cut me — not far below my fob pocket as it turns out. I have a choice: local or general anaesthetic. Being an absolute coward I opt for the full blitz; after all, who wants to be around while somebody you hardly know takes a scalpel to your scrotum?

I also learn that it won't affect my sex drive nor my potency. The only difference is that there will be no spermatozoa swimming around in my ejaculatory fluid when I shoot my load.

A fortnight later finds me being checked into a private hospital by one of those very worldly matrons in their early thirties. She looks absolutely devourable in a starched white uniform that sets off her lightly tanned looks. Just when I think she is about to give me another chapter in the counselling routine, she looks up from her paperwork and says with a gleam: "I'll bet you're doing this so you can screw around!"

I'm too stunned to reply and halfway down the corridor I kick myself for not asking for her phone number.

So, here I am on this trolley, nuts and bolts shaved closer than a Donatello David, heading for the gas and the knife. There is still time to cut and run but the pethidine is seeping through my system and sending me well past caring.

White-coated figures hover over me and I hear a female voice say, "What have we here, a vasectomy, huh?"

I chime in drowsily, "Yeah, you know — snip, snip and Bob's your aunty."

Nobody laughs but I don't care because the gas is coasting me into far rockaway.

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"Wake up, Mr Cussons . . . Mr Cussons, wake up, please!"

Somebody is slapping me lightly on the cheek. I wish they'd stop but they don't and I start to come around, recollecting somewhere along the way where I am and what has happened to me.

"What did I have — a boy or a girl?" I ask the nurse, thinking that's not a bad opening line for somebody straight out of general anaesthetic.

I swear to God, she doesn't even smile, let alone laugh. Maybe she's heard it before, I figure, as the orderly arrives to shunt me back to my room.

They kick me out that afternoon, loading me into a cab with my bag of toiletries and the worst case of aching nuts you could imagine. It takes three days for the pain and swelling to ease, during which time I'm walking around like a ruptured rodeo rider who's thrown his leg over one bronc too many. As for sex, at the moment it's the last thing on my mind as my crotch itches like crazy from where my pubic patch is still looking like a map of Tasmania after the woodchip loggers levelled the place.

If you're thinking that after all this trouble and discomfort I'm actually sterile, then you're sadly wrong. No, the doctor informs me, you've still got spermatozoa in your system like live shells in a barrel and they'll have to be fired off before you can be confident that it's only blanks jumping into the breach. He says a fortnight's waiting or about six ejaculations should do the job. So I hit the local chemist for a packet of condoms, call a sympathetic girlfriend and get on with the task of shooting off that excess ammo.

At the prescribed date I return to the pathology clinic, leave a sample, and am told in due course that I'll never be a father again. The operation had been a success.

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You learn a couple of salient truths on having a vasectomy. One is that you are not Robinson Crusoe. In fact, many of your mates have long beaten you to the snip and almost all are blissfully happy with the result. The other is that news of your vasectomy can draw vastly differing responses from your sexual partners.

Listen up and I'll tell you what happened to this little black duck.

At the time of my snip I was a few months into what I thought was a comfortably casual relationship with a lady some years younger than me and more than a challenge for my libido. We'd spend at least two nights a week and the odd weekend enjoying each other and I found it a relief that she placed neither emotional nor intellectual demands on my already over-taxed psyche. She had her life and I mine but when the twain did meet, it was delightful.

The time when I decided to have the

(continued on page 108)

"See if I got this straight. . . we're just an average couple. You're home from a hard day at the office, I've put the kids to bed, and we decide to have sex, right?"

ROPED IN

Athlete-lover Kym's latest craze is a man on a mount.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Kymberly Paige hasn't any doubts about what interests her. "I'm into athletes, athletes, athletes," she says. These days, it's the roping and riding variety, to whom she was introduced for the first time only recently, when a friend took her to a rodeo. She was roped in immediately, not only by what those athletes do in the rodeo ring, but by how they look while doing it.

"I love tight bums," Kym confides, "and when I saw those calf-ropers in their Levi's, well, it was love at first sight. Cowboys are down-to-earth people, and I am too." Inspired by the cowpokes, Kym has begun an exercise program in hopes of one day being able to wrestle down a calf or two herself. Aspiring fatted calves are advised to do a few bum-flexes. For Kym, you have to be fit to be tied!

TRIPOLI *(continued from page 38)*

Senior officials admitted that they had no direct evidence to prove Libyan complicity in the bombing.

following day General Bernard Rogers, the Supreme Commander of US Forces in Europe, informed an audience of school-children that the evidence of the Libyan leader's complicity in the disco bombing was "indisputable". He went on to give a dramatic description of how military authorities with intelligence of an impending attack, and racing against time, had combed the bars of West Berlin to warn off-duty GIs, unfortunately arriving at the blasted disco "15 minutes too late".

Lost in the generally horrified reactions were such telling revelations as the one reported by *New York Times* national security correspondent Leslie Gelb. On April 8, the day after Burt had made his announcement, Gelb quoted senior officials as admitting that "they had had no direct evidence" to prove Libyan complicity in the bombing [*and that the ABC announcement was therefore untrue*] but that the administration intended to press ahead with its public campaign identifying Gaddafi with the attacks. In a confession of extraordinary and cynical frankness, one source told Gelb that the campaign was "our way of sensitising Americans and Europeans about the problems and preparing the groundwork for follow-up responses".

In West Berlin, another professional was voicing doubts as well. Manfred Ganschow, head of the West Berlin equivalent of the FBI, had more than 100 men working on the investigation into the disco bombing. He had no political axe to grind; he was a working cop. He confided to a reporter who called to check on the investigation some weeks later: "I have no more evidence that Libya was connected to the bombing than I had when you first called me two days after the act. Which is none."

Ganschow had, from the earliest moments, access to all relevant information. The LaBelle was a disco of some notoriety, and as far as he was concerned, the bombing could have been the work of local dope dealers or pimps, who have a violent way of settling business disputes in West Berlin. As to the dramatic account by General Rogers of the desperate, last-minute attempt by West German police to warn GIs of an impending attack, Ganschow found no evidence of such an alert.

In the months ahead, buried in other news reports, came evidence that there were any number of candidates for the Berlin bombing, including the Syrians and, according to the Prime Minister of France, the Israelis.

•

At 7.36 in the evening the first of 24 planes lifted off and headed out toward the sea. Of the 24 F-111s that departed Lakenheath, six were spares in case any plane developed equipment problems by the time they were due for the first refuelling. The remaining 18 crews carried with them detailed infra-red pictures of three, and possibly four, target areas. One group was to attack a so-called "terrorist diving school" whose position at the mouth of the Tripoli harbor made it perfectly suited for the bomb-aiming equipment (waterlines show up well on radar). Another group, which would be the last to attack, was assigned to attack the area of Tripoli airport used by the Libyan military. One other plane may have been given the Central Security Force headquarters in the middle of the city as a target; since the headquarters escaped unscathed, this is open to conjecture. Nine of the planes, however — the lead aircraft — were targeted for the Al Azziziyah barracks. Within the barracks was a football-field-sized compound which was known to contain the home, offices and tent of Muammar Gaddafi.

Back in Washington, someone on the staff of the National Security Council had already drafted a statement which described the death of Gaddafi in the raid as "fortuitous". Civilian casualties were not part of the plan. As one officer on the air staff explained, "What we didn't want was some mother with her kids and her arm blown off on the cover of *Time*, and we went to great trouble to avoid that." In fact, planners were confident that the precision afforded by the high technology encased in these modern aircraft would spare them such embarrassments. Just to be safe, crews were instructed not to bomb if there was any sign that the equipment was not in full working order.

The armada turned south after crossing the coast and then west down the English Channel to link up with the first of 42 tankers and the five electronic warfare EF-111 planes that were also going to Libya that night. When they refuelled for the first time, off the Bay of Biscay, three of the planes reported mechanical malfunctions and turned back. Their numbers were compensated for by spare aircraft, and the convoy roared south through the darkness, 250km of flying metal from head to tail.

The two-man crews, sealed in their cockpits, were seated with the pilot on the left and the navigators/weapons systems officers on the right. Their elbows almost touching, they could only talk to each other above the roar of the engines through their facemask microphones. Conversations that night were nervous, businesslike, no light chatter, about the state of instruments, about their position, about the time left until their next refuelling. Refuelling every 90 minutes or so is an exhausting business. The heavily laden and underpowered F-111s are barely manoeuvrable enough for the pilots to connect with the fuel line extending from the tanker. To work the plane around they have to "stroke the burner"; that is, turn on their afterburners for small and precise bursts of extra power.

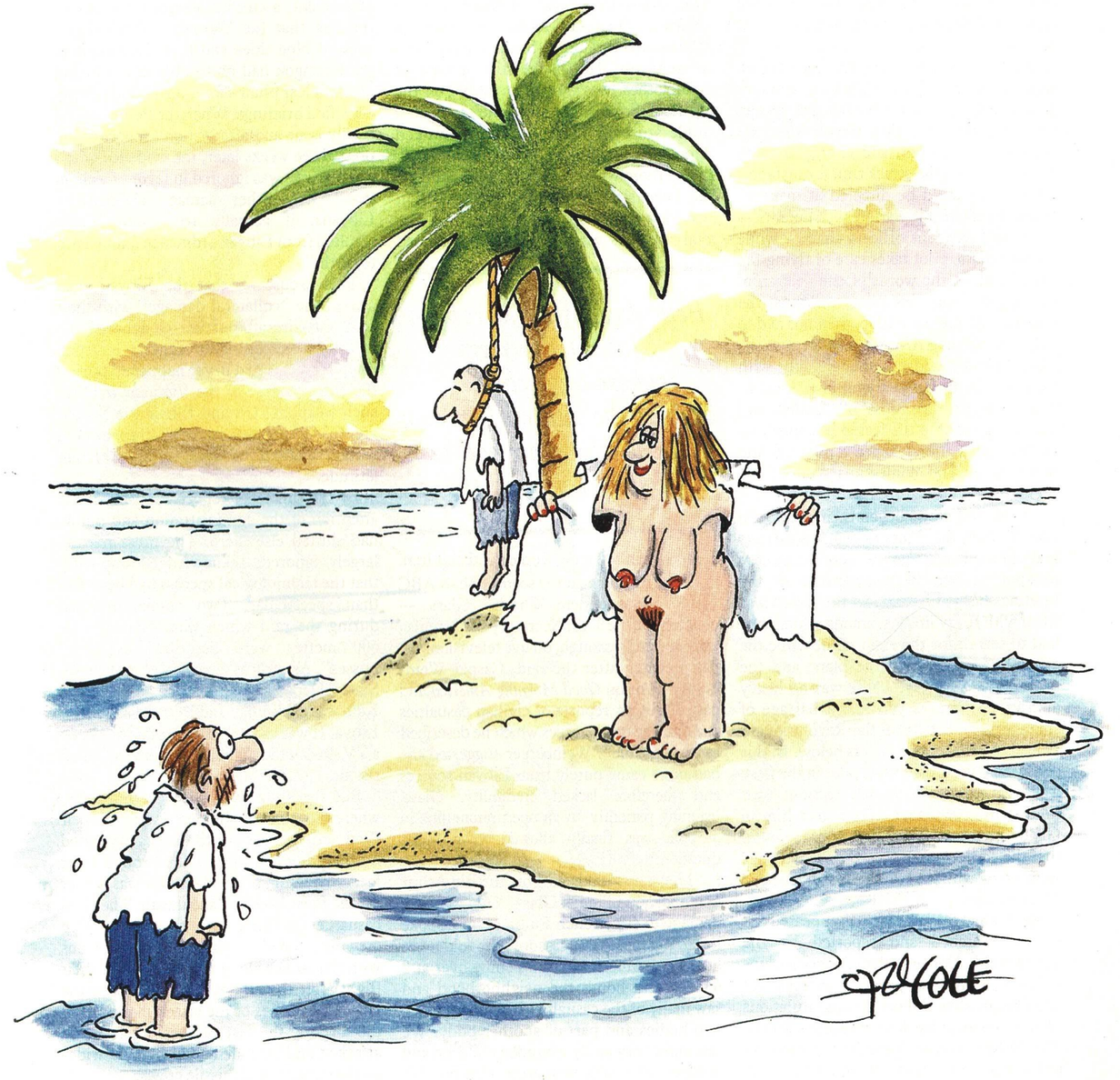
North of the Algerian coast each flight of four planes nosed up to their attendant tanker, one by one, for a last drink of fuel before dropping off. At this point Gaddafi's chances of surviving the evening improved slightly. In a mischance dreaded by every navigator, one of the planes specifically targeted on the Al Azziziyah compound headed off in the wrong direction after leaving the tanker. By the time the crew realised their mistake it was too late to do anything but give up and turn toward home.

The 17 remaining bombers dropped down low, to just above the surface of the sea. The huge and complex mechanism dubbed Operation El Dorado Canyon now began to execute the opening stages of the attack. Attack planes from the navy carriers patrolled off the coast, firing off anti-radiation missiles designed to home in on and put out of action the radar antennae of the enemy defences. The electronic warfare planes began jamming the radars that escaped or could not be reached. Larry Speakes alerted the press in Washington.

Meanwhile, the street lights of Tripoli continued to burn brightly. Gaddafi was lying in his tent, reportedly watching a movie about Vietnam on his VCR.

After flying inland, the lead flight of planes began the final run back to their targets. They were moving faster now, up to 300m a second, their afterburners spewing flames into the sky above the city. Afterwards some of the crews reported that they could remember every detail of every movement they made with their hands, what instrument they touched and when. But as the city lights flashed by beneath them, each man was frantically busy. Although no more than 12 minutes was to elapse between the beginning and end of the raid, for each crew the war was briefer still: the 60 seconds it took them to make their attack run.

In theory, all that was required to hit the target was for the weapons systems officer to glance at the big attack radar screen in front of him and identify his "radar offset point". This was a readily identifiable landmark, such as the spit of land at the mouth of the harbor, picked out for him beforehand from intelligence photographs taken of the area back when the mission was being planned. Once he had found it he merely had to align the cross hairs on the screen over that point and punch a button. This would tell the navigation computer exactly where the plane was in relation to



the offset point and the target. Then the plane could be directed straight for the target while the right-seater switched his screen over to infra-red, picked out the actual target, aligned the cross hairs over it, and punched another button. This causes a laser beam to shine on the target. At the proper moment the plane would flip up and over in a hard turn, releasing and lobbing the bomb forward. The bomb then would pick up the hot spot created by the laser beam shining on the target and lock on to it. The result, while the plane turned safely for home, would be a perfectly destroyed target, and no armless mothers on the cover of *Time* to embarrass the administration.

But that night the complex system often failed to cope with the realities of combat. Experienced pilots know that the system can go awry, and they devote precious reserves of attention and energy to cope with it. During the attack run, for instance, all energy should be directed at manipulating the electronic warfare instruments — pilots and weapons officers alike — while the automatic pilot takes care of flying the plane. But, in the words of one veteran of that night, "very few pilots will trust the system". At the same time, the pilot had to watch for enemy SAM anti-aircraft missiles, which can be dodged, though only with difficulty in an F-111 flying low. All this, even without the stress of combat and SAMs, can lead to the feared phenomenon of "task saturation", when a pilot has too much to do and comes apart under the pressure.

As the first crews began their attack run over Tripoli, the weapons systems officers realised their offset points were not as easy to spot as had been promised in the briefings back at base. Now the screen was filled with fuzzy images, among which they had to search for the right point while the ground raced beneath the plane and the seconds ticked away. There was no heavy anti-aircraft fire as yet, just a barrage of small arms bullets from the Revolutionary Guards patrolling the streets below. In this confused environment one pilot in the first wave careened out to sea without ever finding the point that would steer him to Gaddafi's compound. Another crew found that the equipment was not working. They went home without killing the Libyan head of state either.

Hardly had the last plane disappeared out to sea, watched and reported by the indefatigable Delaney, than America erupted in a chorus of approval. Conservatives and liberals alike showered congratulations on the President for his courageous action. The White House happily reported an unprecedented barrage of supportive telephone calls from the public.

In the midst of the celebrations, the first reports of what the raid had actually accomplished on the ground began to filter back to the US. Gaddafi, it appeared, had survived, although the Libyan press reported that his adopted baby daughter had been killed and two of his sons injured. (The administration later suggested that Gaddafi had no such daughter; correspondents on the spot interviewed the doctors who had attempted to treat the child, and concluded that the Libyan reports were accurate.)

Within a few hours correspondents were sending dispatches from the Bin Ashur residential neighborhood which had received the impact of four or five bombs. "In the wreckage of what had been a comfortable two-storey villa," Associated Press reported, "rescuers found the body of Mohammed Ibrahim al-Shirkawy, an elderly merchant. His body, still dressed in nightclothes, was buried in rubble on the top floor bedroom. Across the street in a single-storey villa. . . reporters walked through pools of blood on the marble floor. In one room where neighbors said children had been sleeping, bed sheets soaked in blood lay strewn about the floor. . . " The total casualties were subsequently estimated at more than 100 men, women and children.

Four days after the raid, a State Department spokesman declined to address the subject. It was as if the whole affair had been a TV show taken off the air.

Of the reporters at the scene, one — ABC News correspondent Charles Glass — confronted the U.S. Secretary of Defence, appropriately enough, on live television. On the morning after the raid, Caspar Weinberger went on *Good Morning America* and cast doubt on reports of civilian casualties and damage to embassies which he described as "impossible". Weinberger suggested the bad news came purely from Libyan sources and therefore lacked credibility. Glass, listening patiently on an open phone line in Tripoli, was finally allowed to ask one question:

"I have just returned from the Bin Ashur neighborhood," said Glass. "We saw the damage to the French Embassy. We spoke to the Japanese Ambassador who told us he heard the American planes come over at 2 o'clock and bomb the neighborhood and saw many of the casualties himself. We saw two bodies and part of another body. We saw eight very badly wounded children and another 20 adults who were injured. We spoke to two Greeks who were wounded and one Yugoslav worker who was wounded. So I'm wondering if the Secretary believes now that it was only Libyan sources that we're hearing from?"

Even this recitation failed to extinguish the Secretary's sunny confidence. He replied, "There were people of all nationalities working in and around the headquarters of the Libyan terrorist activity, and we made that one of our targets. But we made efforts to avoid collateral damage and we will certainly report on what we know about it when we have that information."

Despite the Secretary's promises, reports on this aspect of the raid were never issued. The Pentagon claimed that cloud cover over Tripoli in the days after the raid prevented any aerial reconnaissance for bomb damage assessment, a curious assertion in view of the fact that the TV pictures of Tripoli showed blue skies and that, furthermore, the Pentagon had no trouble in producing crystal-clear photos for internal and heavily classified briefings. When the Pentagon did finally issue an "after action" report to the press three weeks later, the evidence of the TV pictures was ignored in favor of a claim that: "Any other damage claimed by Libyans, if actually true, most likely resulted from Libyan ordinance falling back to earth."

This excuse — that the Libyans had caused the "collateral damage" with their own anti-aircraft missiles — ignored the fact that, according to experts on such weaponry, this had never happened during the entire course of the Vietnam war. All such weapons, US and Libyan, ie Soviet, are fused to self-destruct either after a certain amount of time or at a certain altitude.

By the time that report was issued, the attention of the administration and public had shifted elsewhere. The press release, largely ignored, acknowledged implicitly that the technological success had been less than spectacular. Two bombs dropped during the raid which went off-target by 600 metres were described as "near misses". As early as four days after the raid, State Department spokesman Bernard Kalb was declining to address the subject of Libya. It was as if the whole affair had been a TV show which the sponsors had taken off the air.

But the show was not over in Libya, where the stunned populace mourned their dead and, contrary to the hopes expressed by the administration, rallied round their leader Muammar Gaddafi. Nor was it over for the fliers back at Lakenheath. They had casualties of their own to mourn. Two crewmen failed to make the rendezvous with the tanker along with the rest of their flight after the attack. They had been the tail-end Charlies of the attack, heading for the airport, the last of the targets to be attacked and thus defended by now wide-awake gunners and missile crews.

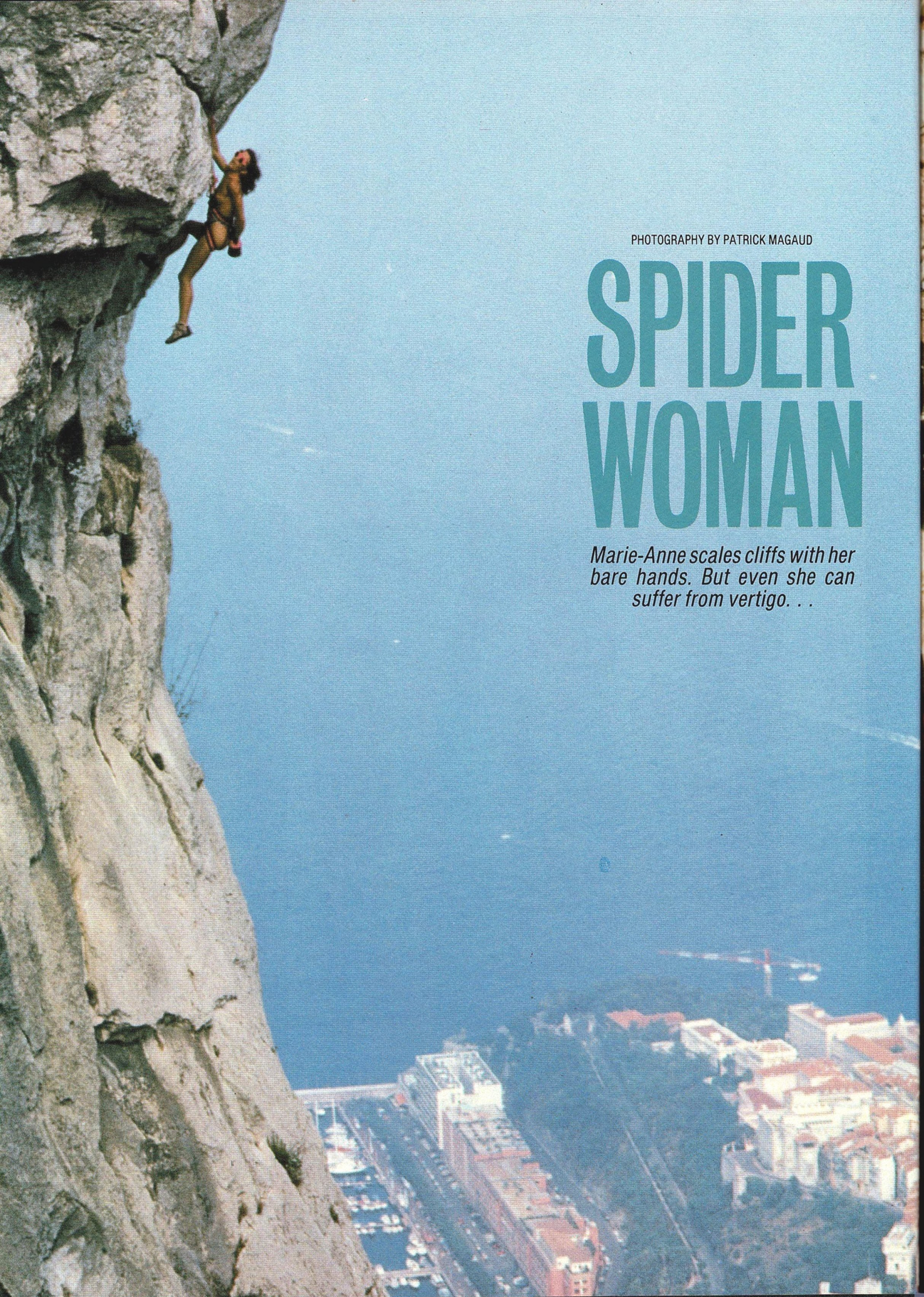
One veteran of an older, more savage war put it in perspective. "They didn't do too badly," he said, "considering what they were up against."

"If that's the real story about the birds and bees, how come there's so much screwing going on?"

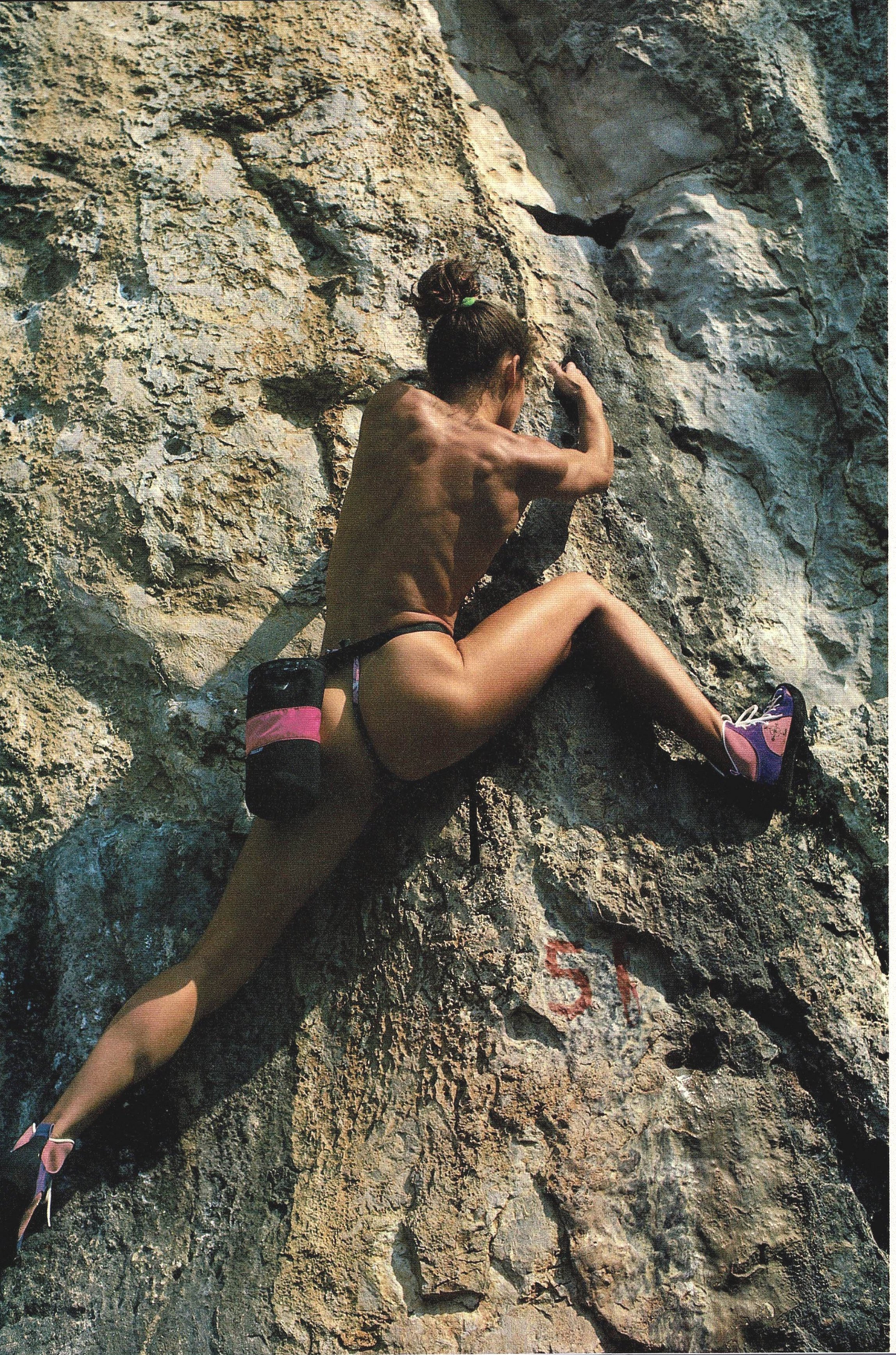
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PATRICK MAGAUD

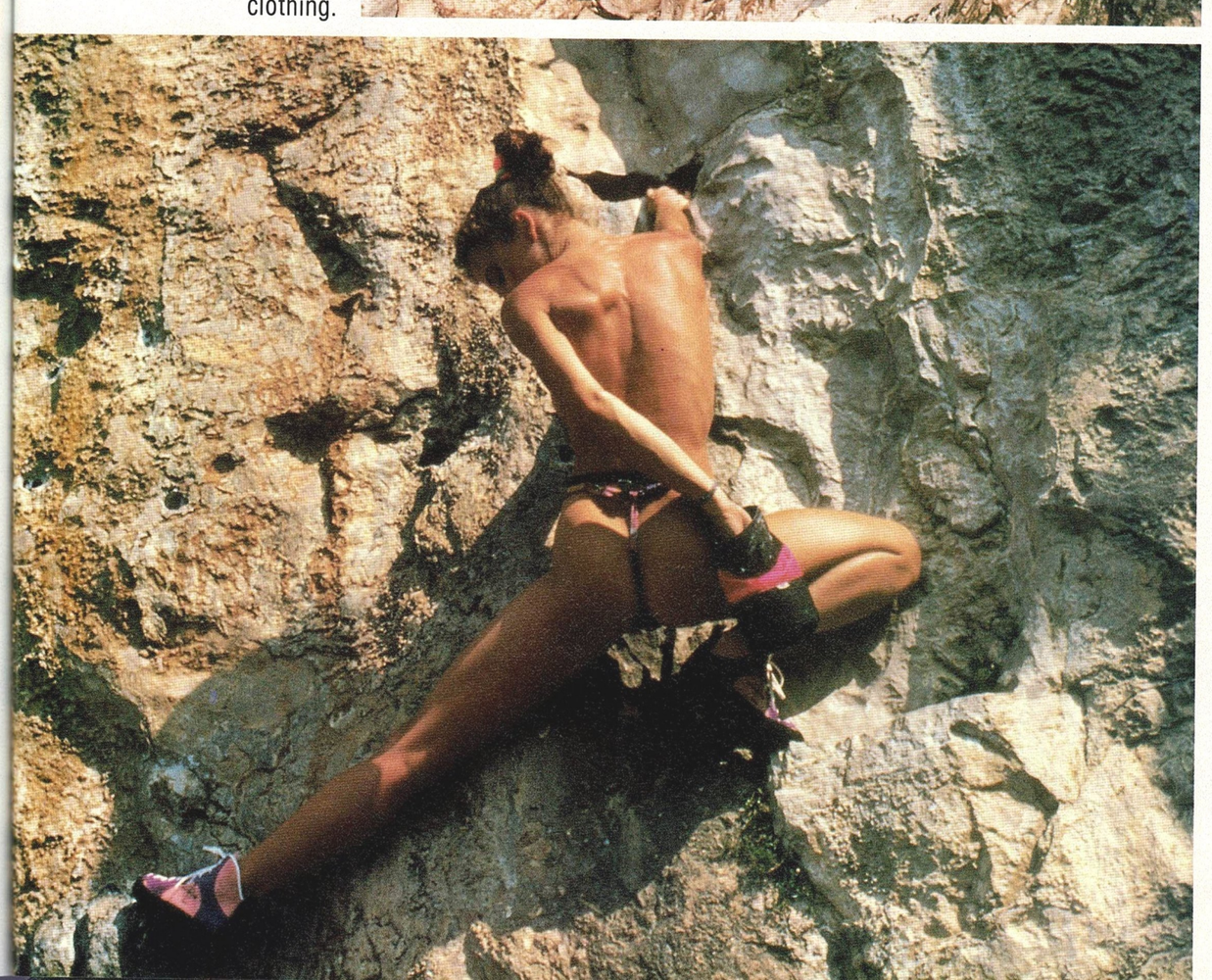
SPIDER WOMAN

Marie-Anne scales cliffs with her bare hands. But even she can suffer from vertigo. . .



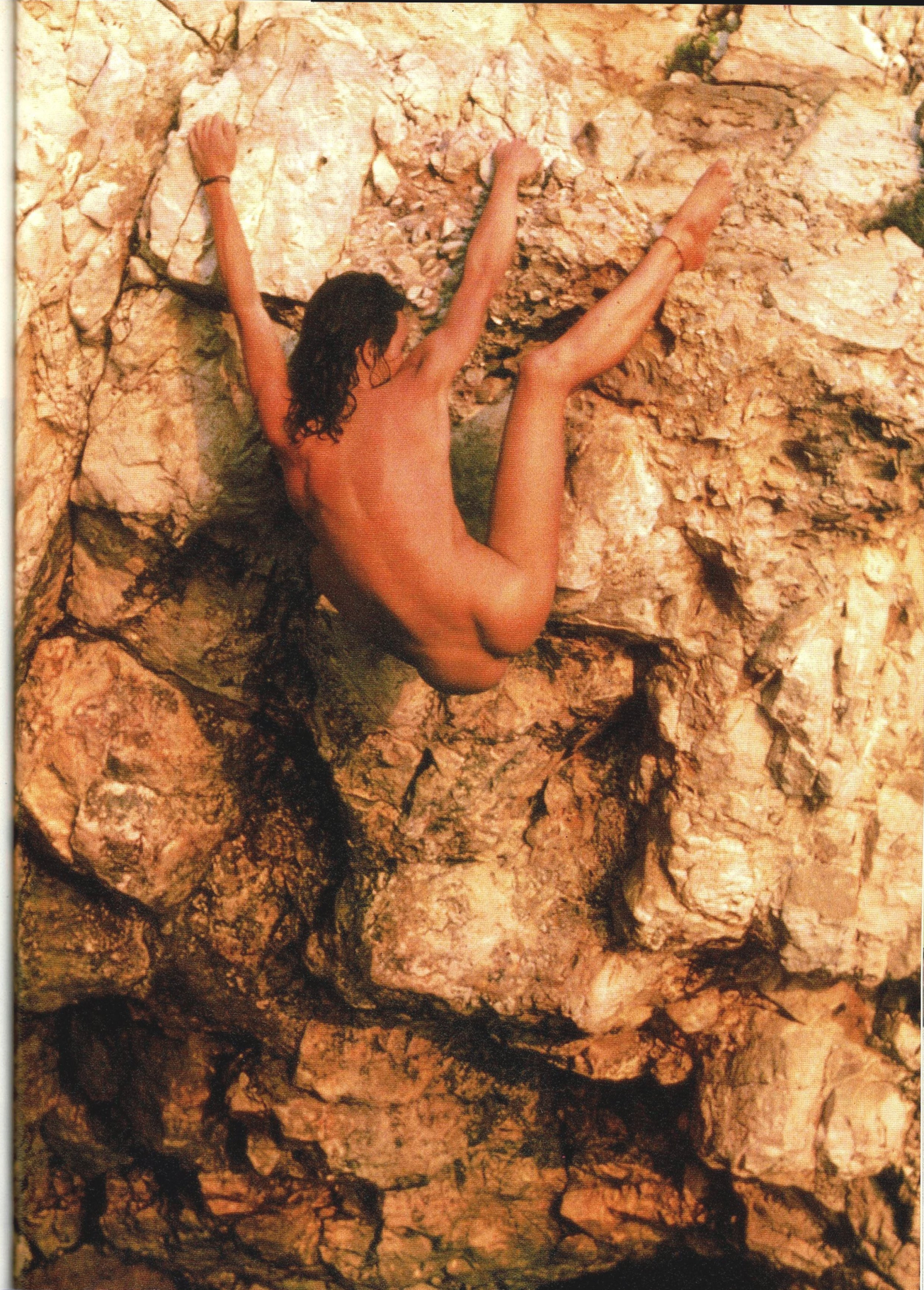
Marie-Anne Chamel rolls a rope down the length of her thighs, bends to lace up her climbing shoes — which have soles made from the rubber used in Formula 1 car tyres — and covers her hands with white magnesium powder. Then she slips into a harness and slides down the rope, into the 200m depths of Dog's Head cliff. At the bottom, she begins to climb without the aid of crampons, a rope or the nuisance of clothing.





Observing from a safe spot while Marie-Anne negotiates the dangerous cliff-face, photographer Patrick Magaud is stunned as much by her sporting prowess as by the wonders of her 20-year-old body. Her perfect frame strains during the climb, and Magaud captures every amazing move.

Aside from free-climbing, Marie-Anne is also a specialist in mono-ski, acrobatic skiing and "extreme ski". The latter is particularly dangerous, since it involves sliding down a mountain without the benefit of a "piste", or ski trail. She even does parachute-skiing, and has struck fear into the hearts of fellow skiers with her death-defying antics. She doesn't drink or smoke and follows a strict diet based on fruit and dairy products. Is Marie-Anne some sort of superwoman? Not exactly. When she got to the top of this climb, the photographer called to her from his observation point below to stand near the edge for the final photo. "I can't," she called back tremulously. "I have vertigo!"



MOVIES (continued from p.54)

Kim Basinger proved that sex appeal can be enhanced if you are (a) damp, (b) muddy, or (c) damp and muddy.

of Virgil, Texas, and Lumberton for their films, *True Stories* and *Blue Velvet*.

Byrne, who grew up in Baltimore, condescendingly patted the Virgilians on the head at the same time he was stabbing them in the back. Looking blankly at the audience in his role as narrator, he delivered bizarre, lobotomised lines, but his subtext was truly murky, a la Talking Heads.

Lynch, on the other hand, demonstrated that he was a quintessential Lumbertonian, just one of the messed-up guys. His identification with, and sympathy for, his creepy characters made *Blue Velvet* the most distinctive, oddball creation of the year.

One of the reasons *Blue Velvet* worked so well was that Lynch got at what's appealing and scary about home-town life. That theme was also at the centre of *Peggy Sue Got Married*. Kathleen Turner's Peggy Sue went back in time to her high school days and saw her parents, her friends and her future husband through the eyes of an adult. Her phone conversation with her long dead grandma was the heart tugger of the year. Peggy Sue lived out the ultimate small-town dream: she could go home again. That dream is, in large part, the appeal of these movies. When they succeed, they're a combination of the familiar and the surreal, an odd mix of memory and make-believe.

BEST SUPPORTING TRENDS: THE SEXY, THE SILLY, AND THE SUBLIME

The sex symbol of the year was France's Beatrice Dalle, the star of *Betty Blue*. In her endless nude scenes, she amply demonstrated that a body need not be aerobicised to be enticing.

America's answer to Dalle was Kim Basinger. In *9½ Weeks* and *No Mercy*, she proved that sex appeal can be enhanced if you are (a) damp, (b) muddy, or (c) damp and muddy. She was doused with either sweat or some other glistening substance through about eight out of *9½ Weeks*, her S&M drama with Mickey Rourke, while in *No Mercy*, Basinger carried on the light-bondage theme as she was dragged through a swamp handcuffed to Richard Gere. When they finally had sex in the movie, Gere, who usually strips whether or not the script calls for it, *doesn't even take off his shirt*. It didn't seem like the same actor.

There were sexual electricity brown-outs as well. Oriental slime and dirt didn't do the trick for Sean Penn and Madonna in *Shanghai Surprise*, and Prince, a great musician but an extremely tiny person, miscast himself as a big-time gigolo in *Under The Cherry Moon*. Despite the monumental success of *Purple Rain*, *Cherry Moon* was such a monumental flop in the States it will not get a theatrical release in Australia but will go straight to video.

Some risky manoeuvres did pay off. *Star Trek IV* landed happily in San Francisco, and Jane Fonda let her disgustingly perfect body droop to play a boozy, out-of-work actress in *The Morning After*. Bette Midler further rehabilitated her undeservedly flagging career with a gutsy comic turn in *Ruthless People*, and Dexter Gordon hit all the right notes in *Round Midnight*.

SUMMATION OF THE YEAR: THE END

There is a promising conclusion to draw from all this and it comes from the business side of the equation. Not only did Hollywood supply us with better-than-average stuff last year, but the studios also made better-than-average money doing it — 1986 was the second best year in history for box-office grosses. Oddly enough some credit for this happy fact may be owed to the VCR, which provides an increasingly easy and cheap alternative to going to the cinema. Faced with a possible mass defection of their audience, the studios were forced to come up with extraordinary lures. So in the afterglow of a year in movies like the last and as VCR sales continue, there's reason to hope for good things in the future as well.

Wet T-shirt Award (again!): Kim Basinger in No Mercy.

STUDIO WARS (continued from p.56)

corporate overlords at Coca-Cola chose iconoclastic British producer David Puttnam to succeed Guy McElwaine, the agents groaned audibly, for Puttnam immediately announced his intention to break with profligate business-as-usual practices. Calling astronomical star salaries "crazy", Puttnam vowed to usher in a new era of creative film making coupled with fiscal restraint. Joked one competing studio head, "No one knows what they're doing right now — except for David Puttnam, who's talking as if he knows what *everybody* should be doing."

It's worth noting that the newly energised independents — now in heated competition with the majors — claimed an impressive 12 percent of the total film rentals in 1986.

The strength of independent production, as dramatised by Oliver Stone's *Platoon*, suggests a developing marriage of convenience. Stone fought long and hard to mount *Platoon*, but no Hollywood studio would touch it. Finally, England's Hemdale Films advanced the bulk of the modest $5,600,000 needed to begin filming in the Philippines, with Orion Pictures chipping in the rest, and then going on to underwrite a studio release. In effect, *Platoon* is a studio film that grew out of an independent production. The majors aren't willing to take the risk developing "difficult" material — the indies can do that more cheaply and efficiently. But they don't have access to the powerful distribution channels controlled by the studios, so they arrange to have their big friends escort their small films into the market-place.

This link won't dissolve soon. The studios' domination of the distribution channels is tightening. As increased film production triggered an upswing in theatre construction, the studios — though barred from owning theatres directly — were all scrambling in 1986 to buy shares in theatre chains. This, along with the increased focus on video-cassette sales and TV rights, underscores a new reality out in studioland: making movies is only half of what Hollywood is about; fully exploiting movies once they are made is now the name of the game.

If that game is being played with an increasing air of frenzy, it's because the competition is more intense than ever, as newcomers such as Cannon and De Laurentiis follow Tri-Star's example and simply incorporate as major studios and start throwing money around. The stakes are high, and heads will roll, or swell, depending on how it all pans out. But that, as they say in Hollywood, is showbiz.

"I'm beginning to suspect this may not be anything so dignified as an attack."

HITTING THE SAC

(continued from page 84)

You can get a reversal but if that is the case maybe you shouldn't have had the vasectomy.

vasectomy coincided with a period when we saw little of each other. I didn't consult her about the operation, figuring it was purely a personal matter that had to be dealt with in my own way. The matter came up indirectly in casual conversation some weeks later and I should have guessed right away that she wasn't happy.

It took three months to figure what went wrong. Our relationship had taken a terrible nosedive, particularly in the cot, where the old spark had disappeared for good. What I eventually learned was that this lady had actually enjoyed flirting with the prospect of pregnancy. For her it was akin to illicit sex: like the thrill of making it with your first girlfriend on her parents' couch just after they'd gone to bed and you had to be very careful not to make the springs squeak. Remember that? Well, my ex viewed a brush with pregnancy in the same light. The danger of it all . . . The vasectomy, for her, had removed the thrill. Deep down, I think she had a strong maternal streak and wanted to make babies; but that's another story.

Anyway, the shock termination of what had been a nice relationship left me wondering whether I'd pulled the wrong rein on this vasectomy caper. I moped around for a while, had the odd casual relationship, but didn't bother to mention the vasectomy unless I really had to.

This was avoiding the inevitable, of course. Sooner or later I was going to have to learn to live with my sterility. I paid a visit to my mate the GP and he made light of it all, explaining that, particularly for women, sex can be a very emotional experience and I shouldn't think that the reaction of one lady should be seen as typical.

He was right, of course. Almost without knowing it, and with the help of a wonderful woman, I made the adjustment and have been content with my lot ever since.

I'd known her remotely for about 12 months. In that time we had spoken only a few words to each other until we met by accident one weekend in a pub that's well off my beat. Perhaps I'd not seen her in the right light before but on this day she had been swimming in the sea and had strolled in looking beautifully sun and salt-dipped. We became firm friends from then on and after dinner one evening found ourselves in her bed. She already knew about the vasectomy and what's more she liked the idea. She had a breezy innocence about sex that made it seem like it should — the most natural and rewarding way to communicate with somebody else. I can recall her fascination with sperm and how she laughingly told me how she had performed oral sex on me once to find out if my spermatozoa-free fluid tasted any different from how she remembered the regular drop.

"It certainly looks the same," she had said. It tasted the same, too.

We both thought this damned funny and somewhere in those months before a job transfer took her out of town I ceased to worry about my vasectomy. Before long I was back where this story started — trying to remind my subconscious I'd actually had the operation.

At times I still forget, but when I look in my medicine cabinet I note the space where my packet of condoms used to be alongside the spermicidal cream which I'll get around to throwing out one of these days.

Misgivings? Sure. You wouldn't be natural if you didn't have a few doubts. Being dragged up in the belief that the male of the species was constructed in such a way to fulfil a certain destiny, you can't help but have a nagging feeling that something is, well, incomplete.

At a convenient opportunity I shone this doubt upon those mates who had already had the snip. They admitted to experiencing a similar sense of loss. Somewhere between brain and ball bag, men have been conditioned to believe there is an intrinsic link that nobody should sever. Then, one day, along comes a bloke with a knife and. . .

Hey, wait a minute. This guy with the knife did have the owner's permission. And wasn't it really a case of that link between noggin and nuts getting out of kilter that landed you in the vasectomy clinic anyway?

The other nagging doubts ran less along self-interest lines. They went something like: am I really through with having kids? What if my beautiful offspring might suddenly perish in a road accident? What if I marry again and the new lady of my life says that she would like nothing more than to bring my kids into the world?

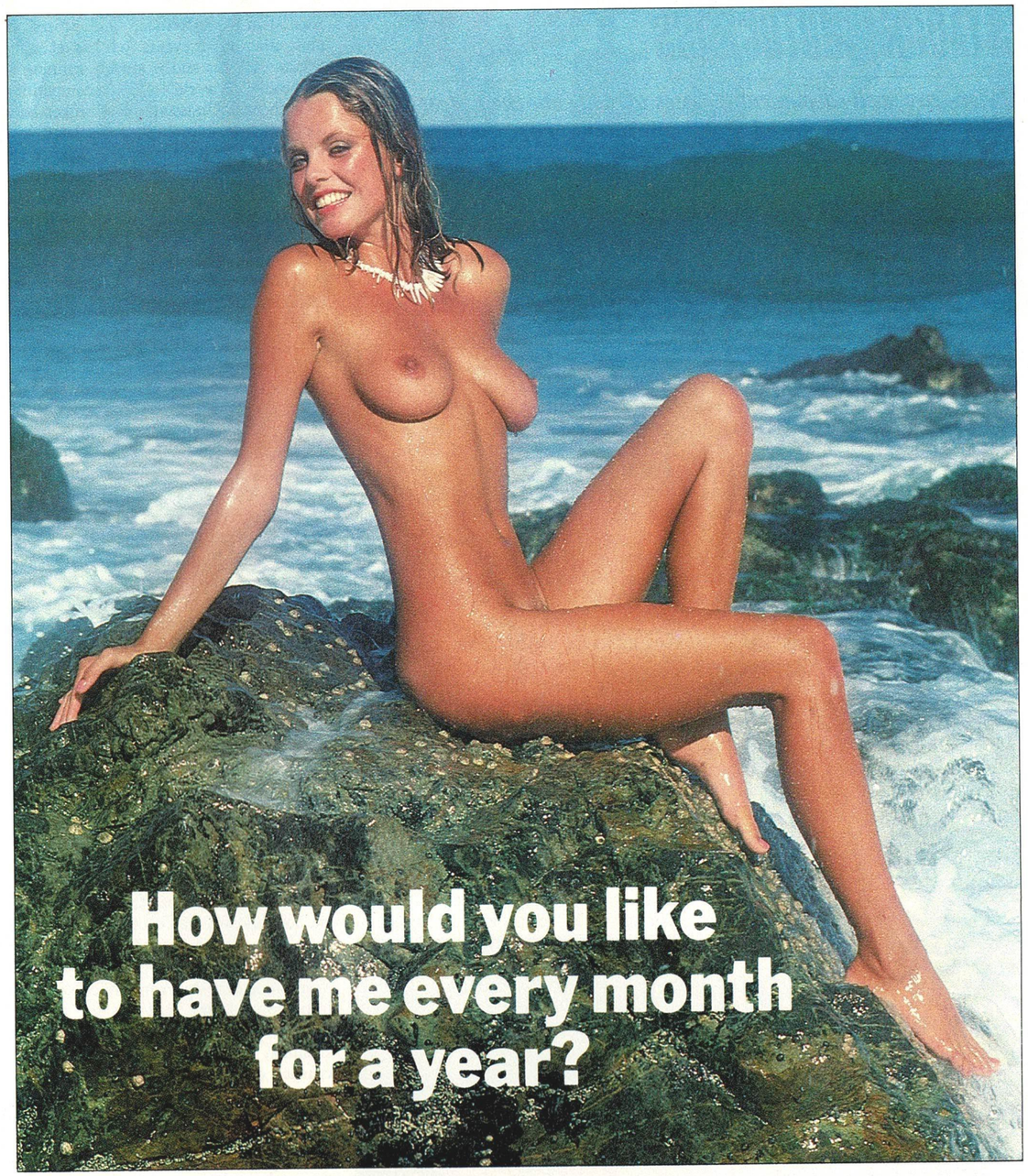
These things went through my head. I know what you're going to say: "You should have thought all this through before you went under the knife." You are absolutely right. I did, I really did, but this is not your ordinary operation and I can't help it if, along with the bruised balls and shaven groin, there are a few doubts to scratch over.

Yes, you can get a reversal but if that is the case maybe you shouldn't have had a vasectomy in the first place.

Sydney, micro-surgery capital of the Western world, is a perfect place for remedial surgery and there are stories of hundreds of US patients flying in for reversals. Frankly, I'm happy and so is everybody I've spoken to. You went in with eyes open and legs apart and are content to (not) reap the consequences.

I don't know whether Man was meant to have surgeons diving around in his scrotum in the interests of consequence-free sex. I'm not sure either that we were meant to use condoms, cream or copper coils. Right now, I'm not bothered. My time on this planet is short enough as it is and if having something as simple as a vasectomy is going to help me enjoy it without the risk of inflicting pain or problems on others, then it's a fairly small price to pay.

"In my younger days, I had never heard of such things as radicchio or arugala, and now that I've heard of them it hasn't brought me happiness."



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STADIUM MOTOCROSS *(continued from page 61)*

There are well-documented cases of still-on-their-feet riders being severely concussed.

jockey pivoting solely on the instep of his feet which straddle the centre-mounted footpegs. The arms are extended like flexible shock absorbers to the handlebars to maintain control and turn the power on and off. The only time a motocrosser sits down is for a split second in sharp turns, or when he offloads and sits on his arse on the ground. The turn technique is merely to place maximum weight on the rear wheel for cornering. Even so, if the corner is bumpy, he will take it standing up, shifting weight rearwards to compensate.

The courses are so rough and violent that there are well-documented cases of still-on-their-feet riders being severely concussed. Like cricket, the vital equipment needs special protection. You'll notice the seat on MX bikes runs up the gas tank — otherwise when a rider drops forward to shift weight, he gets mashed balls.

The long and winding rough road to the top of the motocross scene has at present about a 10-12 year span. Prevailing opinion suggests that the very next generation of superstars will rise in their late teens from a starting point of four or less. There are not too many expert observers who would give a youngster starting in active competition after the age of eight much of a chance.

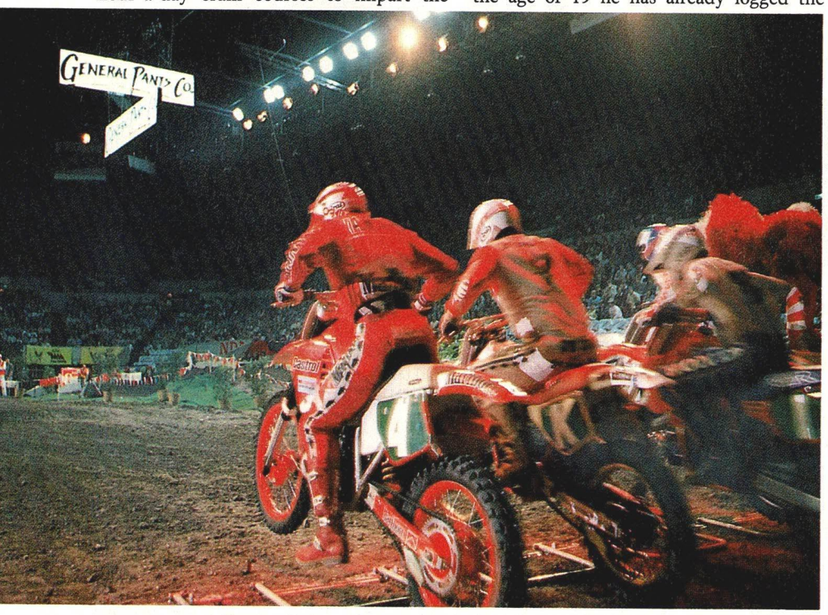
Motocross skills are far advanced on motorbike riding or trailbike riding. Australian champions like Stephen Gall (four-time Mr Motocross) give week-long, 12-hour-a-day cram courses to impart the *basics* to upcomers. From there, daily physical training and weekly competition for the rest of the rider's days will be mandatory. Motocross competition goes on and on throughout the year: hot or cold, rain or shine there is barely a hiccup in 12 months on the calendar.

Costs are considerable. The bikes go from $800 for a four-year-old beginner to $5000-plus for a top championship winner. Then there's parts and service ($200-$500 per day would be a fair figure) and travel (from one end of the country to the other average $500 per week for many). Clothes/equipment can cost a couple of grand a year and there are dozens of extras (trailers, registration, entry fees, licences etc). Even so, it is by far the cheapest form of motorsport available.

The factors above turn it largely into a family sport. Obviously six-year-olds don't drive Landcruisers towing bike trailers up and down the nation's highways, and the formative years are the early ones. So until a young man earns his unrestricted road licence, the family carries the (jerry) can.

In Australia, stadium motocross is forcing a strain of new super athletes to burst through the ranks. In the past it has spawned a series of riders capable of mixing it wheel-to-wheel with America's best (Stephen Gall has won outright against the Americans), but there are newcomers.

Standing head and shoulders above them, though not in stature, is Jeff Leisk. At the age of 19 he has already logged the Australian championship and scored in most other major events. Jeff has taken his talents overseas and is already running at the head of the world's toughest competition — in the US. Undaunted by a broken back that left him immobile and isolated in a West German hospital not long after his eighteenth birthday, Jeff has gone on to prove that his wiry frame contains the strength and determination to take him to the world championship.



From a standing start the combatants erupt into wheelies.

Leisk has scored a breakthrough for Australian motocrossers — this year he secured the first-ever works (factory) international racing contract to run with Yamaha. Next year he takes on Europe.

Meanwhile, on the home front, his father Bob is doing his bit. Bob Leisk is the promoter of the Perth Supercross, staged at the Perth Entertainment Centre. A sometime motocross promoter, Leisk knows the ropes and puts a good show together. Like the America's Cup, it is helping to put Perth back on the map and give residents eastern-state equality of entertainment.

Leisk in Perth, sitting on a state population less than Sydney's (about 1.2 million) and a town market of around 800,000, sees an identical approach to the Eastern state promoters led by Christensen's outfit. The name of the game in this behind-closed-doors entertainment is wall-to-wall excitement.

Leisk, like his eastern mates, will freight in a team of high-flying hotshot Yanks for his indoor meets. He'll jam-pack the program with short, sharp events, building the competition to a crescendo. He'll pit nationalities and personalities, and fill in the gaps with crowd-amusers.

Christensen's format was exemplary. Army abseilers dropped from the rafters as the doors closed, the Cokettes bum-wiggled their way on to centre stage to the accompaniment of oom-pah-pah brass, the Yanks rode drop-top Yank street hardware into the stadium. That was for starters. Between the frantic racing, jumping and crashing, the Nissan Big 1 monster truck crushed cars, and even the Bobcat driver who moved mountains (of earth) into a track-shape did amazing tricks to titillate the crowd.

This year it will get crazier. A likely approach is "theme-cross" where the arena takes on the appearance of say, an Asian combat jungle, or perhaps Sahara-like desert dunes. The world "wheelie" king, Doug Domokos, will prove that two wheels are superfluous in practically any situation. His wheelstand record of many days and kilometres proves the EntCent should be a knockover.

The Sydney event will already stretch to three days; Sunday will add a new dimension in matinee motocross with juniors mixing it with a special senior comp. This maximises the horrendous six-figure rent costs involved in setting up and stripping down. Yet entry costs will be

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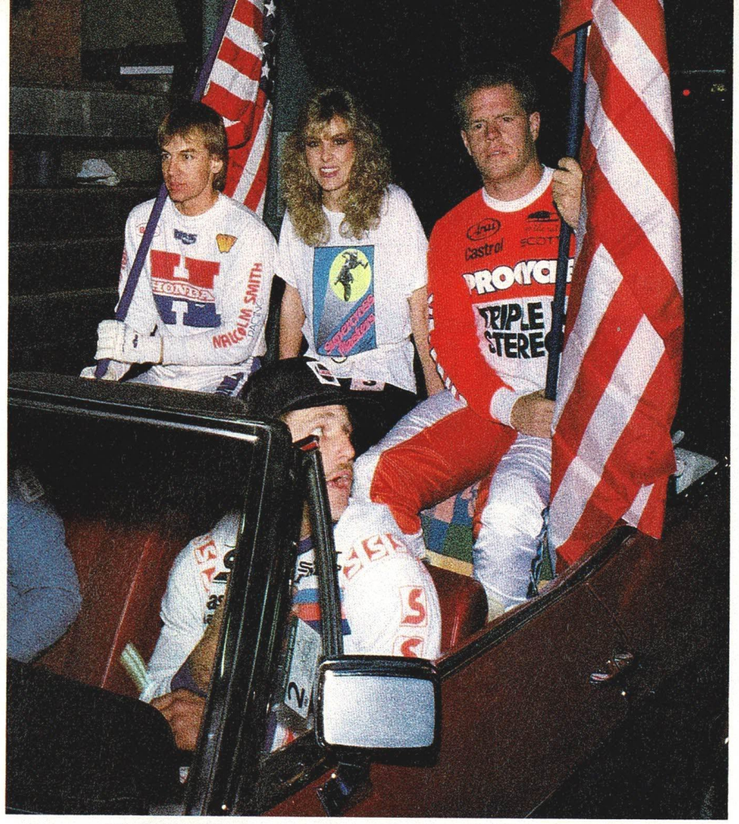

The Yanks ride drop-top Yank street hardware into the stadium.

contained well short of the ludicrous concert special fees now charged. It is of course arguable whether Dolly Parton (at $35 a ticket) is putting more up front than the MX promoters (at $22 last year), but there is no question which fans will get better vfm.

In Perth, a variation in track size and promoters will escalate another form of the sport indoors — trike and quadracer comps. These exciting little devices can do virtually anything the two wheelers can do and produce their own peculiar style of spectacular incidents.

But it is the two-wheelers that command the most attention for their sheer dynamic abilities. The modern motocrosser is like a Formula One machine of dirtbikes. The engines, even in the smaller classes, are unbelievably powerful in remarkably light frames. A junior rider on a $2000 80cc machine would have available about double the accelerative power of the best Ferrari road car ($200,000). Senior riders mount machines almost as sophisticated in bikedom as Formula One racing cars. Certainly they are constructed of lightweight, hi-tech metals and plastics (alloys and super-plastics such as lexan), they have disc brakes front and rear, suspension travel approximately three times that of a normal road bike (which is why they stand up so high, with huge gaps between wheels and mudguards), five, six, seven speed close-ratio gearboxes and remarkably powerful engines that may rev to 13,000 rpm. In power-weight terms they are roughly four times more powerful than, say, Brock's Commodore, about half as powerful as a Formula One Grand Prix car.

The machines can accelerate to 100km/h in seconds. From a standing start, where the machines are spread in a wide line, the combatants erupt in wheelies, and launch through a funnel-like track to the first corner. Collisions are common and there are well-developed techniques to keep the other riders at bay (such as careful placement of the elbows to distance the rival). But it is nevertheless a squeaky-clean sport, free of dirty players (in the conventional term). For motocross riders, like road racers, live and die by the very sportsmanship of their competitors, so the camaraderie and the respect run at as high a pitch as any sport on earth.

Determination is a vital component in the motocrosser's trade, especially in the crush of close competition. In a cruelly tight venue like the Sydney Entertainment Centre, it is possible for *all riders* to be brought down at a single corner (particularly the first). The race does not finish here — the first on his feet and going may be the winner. Four-time Australian champion Stephen Gall summed up a first night experience at the EntCent. . .

"I went down with another rider into the orchestra pit. We were rubbing and touching all the way. Coming out of the turn I was accelerating as hard as I could and I could hear the engine screaming, but I was going nowhere. Then I saw his handlebar jammed in my front wheel! I guess we were both still doing 20 or 30km/h."

You can't get any closer, harder racing than that. Yet MX riders don't hold grudges. This is a sport totally devoid of the mini-minded spoiled-brat syndrome, a sport which lives for that name, where tantrum-throwing wimps are ridiculed. Money has nothing to do with it. Youngsters race to the last millimetre for substantial prize money ($26,000 at the Sydney show) and lucrative factory contracts, all of which are increasing rapidly. One man's victory is another man's lost income, lost opportunity, lost contract. Yet mutual admiration and respect prevail.

Like most action sports, safety has obtained a high profile in motocross. And development of safety devices has, as usual, taken the hard route of bitter experience. The result is a quite spectacular looking competitor — a real-life "Skeletor" character with body armor, a mechanical gait and articulated sound effects. Once again the equipment is not far removed from the primitive forms of combatant sport — not only gladiatorial but the style of the medieval knights of the lists. Modern US pro-ball has mimicked the dress form, but motocross has turned it to art status.

It starts with the headgear, and the inevitable helmet. For dirt-racers, special specifications are called for including ultra light weight and a large viewing aperture (for acute angles, and to fit in goggles), filtered ventilation slots, well-relieved rear curve (around shoulders/neck). Full-face, of course (only the most obtuse riders stick with risky open-face or clip-on chin-protectors).

The goggles are important, for without them eyes would be lost in an instant. In wet or dirty going, peel-offs or curtain-style roller sections are used. The whole torso is encased with protective, impact-resisting plastic armor. This particularly covers shoulder and collarbones, complete rib cage and heart area, stomach and, more recently, even down to lower spine. Typically riders wearing such equipment suffer impacts with bikes, and even solid objects, and survive without injury.

Kidney belts stop the innards being shaken loose, and the more safety-conscious riders wear MX pants with built-in hip protectors (an unfortunate trend has caused fashion to dominate over function in this area, with some riders paying the price dearly). Completely impact-absorbing hard-plastic knee and shin guards are inserted into the pants, which are then inserted into hard plastic or solid leather steel-capped and frequently steel-shin-plated boots. Some riders wear elbow guards. And the colorful cosmetics are stretched over the top — bright, ventilated MX shirts, colorful gloves, boots and helmets. A place to put the sponsor message. Or the wearer's ID. Smart motocrossers, unworried by other opinion, fit available crash pads to the handlebar cross-bar, the most likely point for chest-to-bike impact (it has been well demonstrated that the same sort of thump that can start a failed heart can stop it).

This gear turns the motocrosser into a sort of Mad Max of stadium motorsport. In fact, the rider may be a good deal safer than some of the observers. For instance: at the inaugural Sydney indoor event, one crossed-up motocrosser wrong-landed his mount in the organisers' no-man's land, taking out mikes and leads and mowing down officials, observers, cameramen and gear. There was barely a pause from either commentator or rider, who picked up a long bunting streamer and towed it round for a few more colorful laps.

Where will it end? In the US, the tracks frequently run up into the spectator stands to provide nose-to-wheel close-ups of the motorised lunacy. In Paris, which has just caught the fever, around 50,000 MX-ophiles were treated to an international three-day motofest with more cunning stunts than the Moulin Rouge. There are dark mutterings about super-mountains and chasm-jumps, more interval stunt drawcards, and the emergence of the fringe-sport competitions for trikes, quads, even odysseys and buggies. Escalating TV coverage (Channel 9's *Wide World Of Sport* overdosed on the Sydney set-up) will certainly see on-bike cameras. Rider stunts will become more and more bizarre.

One thing's for sure — in the sport that came in from the cold, more people will be doing it in the dirt, indoors.

CURRENTLY SCHEDULED EVENTS FOR 1987-8

Changes frequently occur — consult your local MX club or organiser.

June	NSW North Coast	Various
Aug 7,8,9	Sydney	Entertainment Centre
Sept	Brisbane	Archerfield
	Perth	Claremont Speedway
Nov	Melbourne	Unconfirmed
	Sydney	Liverpool Speedway
	Adelaide	Wayville Showground
Dec	Mildura	
Jan	Lismore	
Feb	Brisbane	Entertainment Centre
	Gold Coast	
Mar	Mildura	Various
	Mackay, Townsville, Mareeba	
	North Coast Series	
Apr	Perth	Entertainment Centre
May	Melbourne	New location

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TIRIAC *(continued from page 34)*

Sex as a purely physical act is not my game. The woman has to have a say too.

PLAYBOY: Does being misunderstood disturb you?
TIRIAC: It's more important to me that the people I deal with know exactly what I'm like. What the rest of the world thinks about me doesn't concern me.
PLAYBOY: Do you regard sex merely as an instinct to be satisfied, so it won't bother you anymore, or do you enjoy it?
TIRIAC: Sex is perhaps the most important part of life because it safeguards the continued survival of the human race. So it's neither pure diversion nor a mere burden. It's a normal activity which gives pleasure, but it cannot be divorced from our emotions. Sex as a purely physical act is not my game. The woman has to have a say too.
PLAYBOY: What sort of woman turns you on?
TIRIAC: I look at every beautiful woman, whether she's got long legs, a terrific face or other qualities from Mother Nature. But I only really become interested when I start speaking to her.
PLAYBOY: What's your favorite type of woman?
TIRIAC: Probably Sophia Loren.
PLAYBOY: You are said to have invented some very novel features in modern tennis, like the so-called TV Bonus. What's the idea of that?
TIRIAC: It's a long story, which began when someone realised that a product which appears sufficiently often on TV sells better. After that it didn't take me long to convince an intelligent client that he could make more money if his product appeared on the screen more often through us.
PLAYBOY: Does this mean extra money as well as sponsorship contracts?
TIRIAC: Call it what you will. The money goes into the same kitty, and it comes out of the same kitty. But sometimes firms prefer to pay two dollars five times, rather than 10 dollars at once.
PLAYBOY: Practically speaking this means if Becker appears on television for an estimated 250 hours. . .
TIRIAC: More than that. All told it's up to 3000 hours.
PLAYBOY: And the sponsors pay extra for these 3000 hours?
TIRIAC: Exactly.
PLAYBOY: Tennis players are ranked according to their income, their computer ranking and their tour points. Which of these is the real list?
TIRIAC: This is another sad by-product of the commercialisation of the sport. These lists influence neither an intelligent player nor a wise manager or coach. In my opinion they can be ignored. The money, for instance, is merely a consequence of the player's strength of play.
PLAYBOY: But surely there has to be some sort of ranking?
TIRIAC: Computer points appear on the screen the way somebody has fed them into the machine. Money? Irrelevant. A good player earns only 15 to 20 percent of his money on the court.
PLAYBOY: Can Boris still make public appearances in Germany now he's an idol? Or does popular enthusiasm make life at home virtually impossible for him?
TIRIAC: The Germans will have to accept Boris as he is, and respect him. In Hamburg Becker complained about the spectators, because they can make life difficult. The Germans really do live and die with Boris. To my mind it was a mistake to go to the Open in Hamburg.
PLAYBOY: Why didn't you veto it then?
TIRIAC: Because he absolutely wanted to go.
PLAYBOY: So he can do things he absolutely wants to do?
TIRIAC: Of course. He decided to go to Hamburg because he still puts Germany first. But he made a mistake.
PLAYBOY: Do you believe in God?
TIRIAC: I believe in God the way any other human being does; at least I believe that there is something, somewhere, that keeps an eye on all of us.
PLAYBOY: According to your passport you're still a Rumanian. Is there a political statement in that?
TIRIAC: No. If Becker changes his passport tomorrow, he'll still be a German. Just as Lendl remains a Czech, even if he becomes an American citizen. Lendl will die a Czech, and I'll die a Rumanian. Call it patriotism, but I've represented my country in sport for 20 or 30 years and I'm proud to be a Rumanian.
PLAYBOY: Have you come to an arrangement with the regime?
TIRIAC: Of course there are rules here and there. For example, I have to go to the embassy in Paris and apply for a renewal of my visa every year. But in practical and bureaucratic terms that's no problem.
PLAYBOY: Could it be that your communist upbringing has made you a better capitalist?
TIRIAC: Although I grew up in a communist country I've always kept out of politics. I've never even expressed an opinion about which social system is better.
PLAYBOY: But hasn't that become pretty clear to you?
TIRIAC: Both systems have their advantages and disadvantages, their ups and downs. But I don't want to change the world. To get back to your previous question — you're certainly right, it was advantageous for me to leave Rumania. It was a hard life there. We were more strongly motivated. We were sheltered from drugs, violence and other social troubles of Western society, but the schools were much stricter; we learned to obey at a very early age.
PLAYBOY: Talking about discipline — what will you do when Becker is called up for military service?
TIRIAC: I don't think someone with residence in a foreign country, such as Becker in Monaco, will be called up. I think Boris will register voluntarily sooner or later. And that would certainly have a bad effect on his career, because he would lose so much time, especially now that he is maturing as a tennis player.

"No thanks. If my condition becomes irreversible, I do not wish to be kept alive through heroic measures."

COMPANION (continued from page 52)

I believe her exact words were, "You're a disgusting, drunken mess." That's a good description of a party.

until their middle parts get smoothed out and flat. But be sure to move around the bed as you do this. If you stand in one place and tuck, you'll wind up with all the blankets and everything completely under the mattress.

Now wreck dinner. There are two forms of the intentional muff. Using the first method, have all the ingredients for a good dinner ready, but don't start cooking until your date arrives. Throw meat that's still wrapped in butcher paper into the oven without a pan. Cram the brown-and-serve rolls into the toaster. As with housecleaning, if you're really incompetent, your date will feel obliged to take over. This, however, is a mean thing to do to a woman, and believe me, she'll know it.

The second method is better. Have the dinner under way before your date arrives, and make sure it's terrifying. Fix lentil soup and pickled beet salad with ouzo and sheep cheese dressing. And make sure all of it, including the salad, catches fire during drinks. Then just when the gruesome slop is supposed to be served, a prearranged pizza delivery boy shows up at the front door.

The Perfect Little Dinner Party Why spoil it by showing up? Let people ring your doorbell for a while and go away puzzled but probably relieved. Or be a bully. When you invite your guests, they'll say, "Is there anything I can bring?" Tell them, "Yes, a salad, a vegetable dish, dessert, and a four-kilo standing roast — medium rare." Voila, dinner is served.

If this doesn't work, serve what you can muster and distract like mad. Serve unshelled oysters as hors-d'oeuvre. Put the table somewhere unusual, like out in the yard in the snow. Dress your dog as a butler. Make guests cook their own live lobsters on toasting forks in the fireplace. If you keep people busy and confused, they're liable to think they're having fun.

The Enormous Drunken Blowout Here's an event where bachelor expertise pays off. Bachelors know all about parties. In fact a good bachelor is a living, breathing party all by himself. At least that is what my girlfriend said when she found the gin bottles under the couch. I believe her exact words were, "You're a disgusting, drunken mess." And that's a good description of a party, if it's done right.

Whatever the occasion, do not neglect alcohol. No other refreshment will do. Yes, alcohol kills brain cells, but it's very selective. It only kills the brain cells that contain good sense, shame, embarrassment, and restraint. Wield a heavy hand at the bar. Spike the white wine. Forget all the soft drinks and most of the mixers; these contain dangerous amounts of water. Water is no fun unless you're throwing people into a swimming pool. You don't want your guests to get half-drunk. They might suddenly remember the babysitter, try to drive home, and kill themselves. If a guest is able to make it to the end of your driveway, you've unleashed a dangerous maniac on Australia's highways.

You also need to have your party in the right kind of place, a place that's too small. You have to pack people together to make them act silly. Try this experiment with house cats. Observe what five house cats do in a living room. Now observe what they do in a laundry sack. This is why parties on boats and in bathtubs are always successful. But any unusual place, regardless of size, is good. High dangerous places like roofs and bridges are excellent. Caves, abandoned warehouses, and beachfront motels during hurricanes are also great. The party spirit responds to any bizarre locale. A bachelor apartment qualifies.

Lots of noise and lots of people are a must for a good party. Make sure some of these people hate each other. Otherwise there will be no chemistry. What would the universe be like if there were only positively charged protons and no negatively charged electrons? Nothing would happen. The most basic molecules couldn't exist. The world wouldn't have hydrogen, let alone cute blonde girls in gym shorts. Chaos takes organisation.

BACHELOR SAFETY TIP

Never throw food on a grease fire.

BACHELOR HEALTH TIP

Remember, your body needs 6 to 8 glasses of fluid daily. Straight up or on the rocks.

BACHELOR DIET TIP

Eating doesn't make you fat. Marriage does. Compare waistlines of married and single friends for proof. But yogurt *does* make good shaving cream.

EMERGENCY HELPS

Cooking Without Utensils

- Cook a toasted cheese sandwich by wrapping sandwich in aluminium foil and ironing it with a steam iron. A steam iron can also be turned upside-down and held in place with books to make a hot plate.
- Fix breakfast by balancing unbroken raw eggs between the pipes of a steam radiator before you go to bed.
- Make your own beef jerky by letting meat sit out on the countertop for a week.
- Dangle a cube of steak in front of a blow dryer.
- Warm canned goods by putting them inside the aircleaner on your car engine and driving around at 160 km/h.
- Bacon can be made to cook itself if you light it with a Zippo.
- Turn frozen food directly into cold leftovers by allowing them to thaw.
- Use a low-speed electric drill to turn any fire into a rotisserie.

EMERGENCY COOKING WITHOUT FOOD

Emergency Tomato Soup Made with hot water and ketchup. (Cold water and ketchup makes Bloody Mary Mix.)

Emergency peanut butter and honey sandwich There's always *some* peanut butter left in a peanut butter jar. Add a small amount of boiling water, close jar, and shake. Pour results over bread and flavor with cordial.

Dog Food Fried Rice Virtually identical to what you get for $3.95 in a Chinese restaurant.

Library Paste Guacamole Dip Made with flour and water. (It tasted great in first grade, didn't it?)

Sandwich Sandwich A slice of bread between two slices of bread. (If you're short of bread, lay a newspaper on the floor and shake the empty breadbox over it.)

Spice Slumgullion Seasoning is what gives food flavor, so if you pour all those little jars of cloves and curry and ginger and garlic salt into boiling water, you should get something delicious.

*Extracted from THE BACHELOR'S HOME COMPANION by P. J. O'Rourke published by Pocket Books.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

A number of veins in my penis have become very conspicuous. While I realise this can happen normally, I am not sure if they should be as prominent as they are.

The problem for me is I am a single man and I am rather afraid of getting involved with a woman because I am embarrased about what she might think.

My sex life at present is non-existent and seems likely to remain so at this rate.

Why do you think these veins have developed and what can I do about them?

— L.A., NSW.

Apart from the veins hidden deep in the penis which drain the blood, there are normally two or three superficial skin veins. They are usually quite visible, although they are more prominent in some men than others. It is quite normal to be able to see these veins and they tend to become more prominent as a man grows older and the skin on the penis begins to shrink. Unless the veins become painful or start to harden, there is nothing to worry about.

Sometimes vigorous sex can injure them, causing the formation of small nodular bumps. This leads to a slowing down of the blood flow and can at times make the veins more conspicuous. With men who sleep on their stomach, sometimes the repeated pressure on the pubic area can impede the return flow of blood from the superficial veins of the penis, causing them to swell.

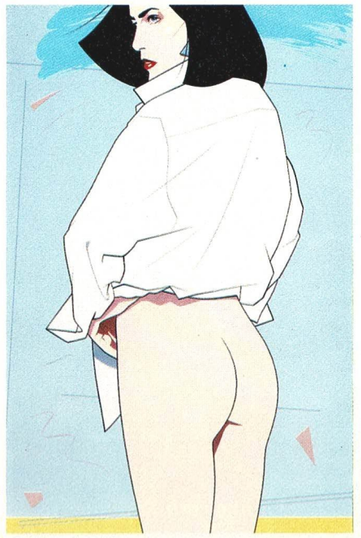
If you sleep this way you may find it helps to try to turn over. But basically it's all quite normal and you'd be surprised just how common it is to have such veins showing clearly on the erect penis. Don't let them put you off finding a partner — they won't put *her* off!

I am 17 and very inexperienced. I have a steady girlfriend who wants to have sex, but I'm too shy because I think my penis is too large. I read in Australian PLAYBOY of a man whose penis was only 10cm long when erect, but mine is 20cm. What is the average size of a man's penis when erect? I have also noticed that a few times sperm comes out of my penis when I'm not even thinking about sex. Is that normal?

— M.A., Vic.

While a 10cm long penis is well within the normal range, the average size probably comes out somewhat bigger than that, nearer 15cm. But 20cm certainly isn't abnormally big and you have no reason to feel a penis of this size should present any problems when it comes to having intercourse. The vagina is designed to accommodate a large range of sizes. With strong, healthy pelvic muscles, the vaginal walls should fit snugly around smaller penises, or easily stretch to enclose male appendages far larger than yours.

Before inserting a penis of whatever size into a vagina, it is important to make sure the woman is fully aroused. When a woman is fully excited her vagina should be well lubricated to allow the penis to slide easily between the vaginal walls, the muscles at the entrance fully relaxed so that the opening is wide to receive the penis. I would also suggest that, particularly if your partner is inexperienced, you proceed



slowly, inserting the penis only a little at a time and then withdrawing to allow her to relax and get used to the sensations as her vagina widens to receive the penis.

Your larger penis can cause discomfort in certain positions. For instance, in the female superior position with the woman squatting over the man, a larger penis can put a lot of pressure on the cervix, stretching the ligaments which support the uterus. Some women enjoy this sensation, others find it painful. You will just have to experiment, carefully, to see what works for you and your partner. But never fear, it's very rare that the large penis really causes problems. On the contrary, size is normally considered quite an asset, although usually more in the minds of men rather than women.

When you mention sperm coming out of your penis, I'm not sure whether you are referring to the pre-ejaculatory fluid which is a tiny dribble of liquid many men experience when they are aroused, long before ejaculation. This is quite normal. It varies from man to man — some men produce very little, and only late in the response cycle when they are fully aroused, while others find it happens easily, even without a full erection.

You may also be referring to unexpected and undesired ejaculation. I am sure most males of your age have suffered the embarrassing experience of suddenly ejaculating — on the dance floor, when cuddling a woman in the back of a car, all sorts of awkward moments. And it *is* hard to hide that very obvious stain on your trousers.

Ejaculation can also occur in totally non-sexual circumstances, particularly at this age. Kinsey found this usually happens at times of strong emotion, such as when you are afraid — during the school concert, or standing outside the headmaster's office — or very excited. As you grow older you should find this happens less frequently, although some males find that a spontaneous ejaculation occurs when they are extremely afraid, ie in a war zone, when faced with sudden danger. The physical symptoms of anxiety and the sexual response share many of the same nervous pathways and are probably controlled by the same nervous mechanisms — hence the confusion which sometimes produces a sexual response to a situation of fear.

As I said, you should calm down and suffer these moments of embarrassment less and less frequently. Men who continue to suffer this embarrassing problem have been treated with a drug called Melleril which cuts out those spontaneous ejaculations, but this certainly would not be appropriate at your age.

DRUGS IN SEMEN

I have mentioned before about women who are allergic to their husband's semen. Now, from the *Journal Of The American Medical Association*, comes the suggestion that the reaction may be due to drugs transmitted via the seminal fluid. A 33-year-old woman told Pittsburgh allergists Richard L. Green and Mayer A. Greed that on three occasions she'd experienced hives, nausea, eyelid heaviness, eye burning, vaginal itching and "fullness" in the throat, each time within 30 minutes after she had intercourse with her boyfriend. She'd had hives only once before, as a child when she took penicillin. Just before her new outbreak began, her boyfriend had started taking penicillin for a skin infection. After

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he followed the allergists' advice and wore a condom, she no longer suffered symptoms.

CLERICAL AIDS

More recently a report appeared in the *New York Times* that members of the Catholic clergy are suffering and dying from AIDS. Church spokesmen have acknowledged AIDS has caused the death of at least a dozen priests and it is suggested the number could be substantially higher. Larry Kessler, director of the AIDS Action Committee of Massachusetts, said four Catholic clergymen had died of AIDS in the Boston area over the past five years and at least two others now have the disease. "It would not surprise me if there were more cases," he said. "Some priests may be afraid to tell church authorities. I think AIDS challenges the myth of celibacy like nothing else in this century."

In Chicago, three Catholic brothers and a parish priest died in 1986 as a result of AIDS, according to William F. McCullough, director of the city's AIDS Assistance Foundation. In Houston, a physician said he was currently treating almost a dozen priests who have the disease. In New York, counsellors who work with AIDS say that at least three priests have died as a result of the virus in recent years.

AIDS counsellors say that church officials from a wide range of religions have become AIDS victims, including rabbis, Episcopal priests and Baptist ministers. But the increasing public awareness that the disease is affecting Catholic clergymen poses a problem for the church because of the implication that some priests and brothers have not only broken their vows of celibacy but have engaged in homosexual acts in violation of church laws.

Apparently the church's reaction to the discovery that a priest or brother has AIDS varies widely. Many bishops and superiors of monastic orders respond with grief and compassion, while others have apparently driven AIDS patients out of the church. Some priests choose to leave the church and return to their families to prevent a scandal.

Most of the church officials who were interviewed for the *New York Times* report said they knew of few, if any, priests who had AIDS, adding they did not believe it was a serious problem and that they would respond with charity and compassion if they were told a priest had the disease. Yet the Rev Michael Lopes, a Dominican priest who counsels AIDS patients for the Catholic Social Service in San Francisco, believes the church has not faced the reality of the problem: "The church has no coherent policy on AIDS," he said. "AIDS will force us to take a closer look at sexuality and death and to be more aware of what God is saying in this age."

Perhaps, but the fact remains that there are more than 57,000 Catholic clergymen in the United States, and it seems unlikely that a disease affecting such a minuscule

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percentage of this huge body could significantly change attitudes or official policy.

QUITE A PARTY!

Okay, so sometimes you do lose something at a party. A little too much to drink, you get carried away. All sorts of things can happen. But a rubber ball? Lost for twenty years. And finally found WHERE?

The British Journal Of Sexual Medicine recently carried a report of a woman who, twenty years ago, when she was 48 years old, attended a party. She had rather too much to drink and at some stage in the course of the evening went searching for something to provide her with sexual relief. In a child's closet she found it, in the form of a rubber ball — (*a rubber ball?!*) — which she inserted into her vagina. Apparently she used some sort of stick to push the ball as high as possible. Later, sobering up, she realised what had happened and made attempts to extract the ball from her vagina but was unable to do so. The rubber ball remained in position for 20 years, without causing any disturbance whatsoever. It was finally discovered when the woman was admitted as an emergency case to the surgical department of a local hospital suffering abdominal pain and vomiting. X-rays revealed the presence of a foreign object in the upper vagina, and finally the ball, measuring 5cm in diameter, was surgically removed under general anaesthesia. It turned out the woman was in fact suffering from ovarian cysts, which were the cause of her pain. The rubber ball did no harm whatsoever.

This wasn't an isolated case of foreign bodies finding their way into the female anatomy. A search through such sexual medicine literature reveals the discovery of a highball glass in 1973, a flashlight bulb removed in the same year after nine years residency in the vagina of an 11-year-old girl, and a perfume bottle cap nestled in the vagina of a teenage girl in 1977... to name just a few of the more recent such discoveries.

CONDOM SURVEY

At present the only known means of protection from the AIDS virus is the use of condoms but little information is available about condom consumers — their experiences, preferences and problems. The Queensland AIDS Committee is seeking help from Australian PLAYBOY readers in gathering such information. The committee would like to hear from users of condoms regarding their likes and dislikes, favorite brands and why, problems and difficulties ... plus any anecdotes you may have about your experiences with condoms.

All the information will be treated confidentially and not be used in any way to identify the contributor. The results will be made available to public health authorities, manufacturers of condoms and community-based organisations and to anyone else who will benefit from the information.

Please forward your knowledge to Queensland AIDS Committee Survey, PO Box 1103, Fortitude Valley 4006. If you are willing to be contacted in order to clarify or expand any points you have made, please include a return address.

EJACULATION AND DIABETES

A sexual symptom which occasionally signals the presence of diabetes is delayed or retarded ejaculation, where a man has difficulty reaching orgasm and ejaculating. The link between various ejaculation problems and diabetes was spelt out in a recent report in *The British Journal Of Sexual Medicine*. The researchers warned diabetes may also be present if a man notices a reduction in semen volume or if orgasm produces a dribble of ejaculation rather than the usual forcible emission. Another symptom which is sometimes associated with diabetes in the male is what is called retrograde ejaculation, where the semen is diverted back into the bladder. Here you will notice the urine passed after ejaculation is cloudy due to the presence of semen in the bladder. All of these problems can be due to other causes, but since the sexual symptoms can herald the onset of previously undiagnosed diabetes, doctors warn men to check out these symptoms, if they occur.

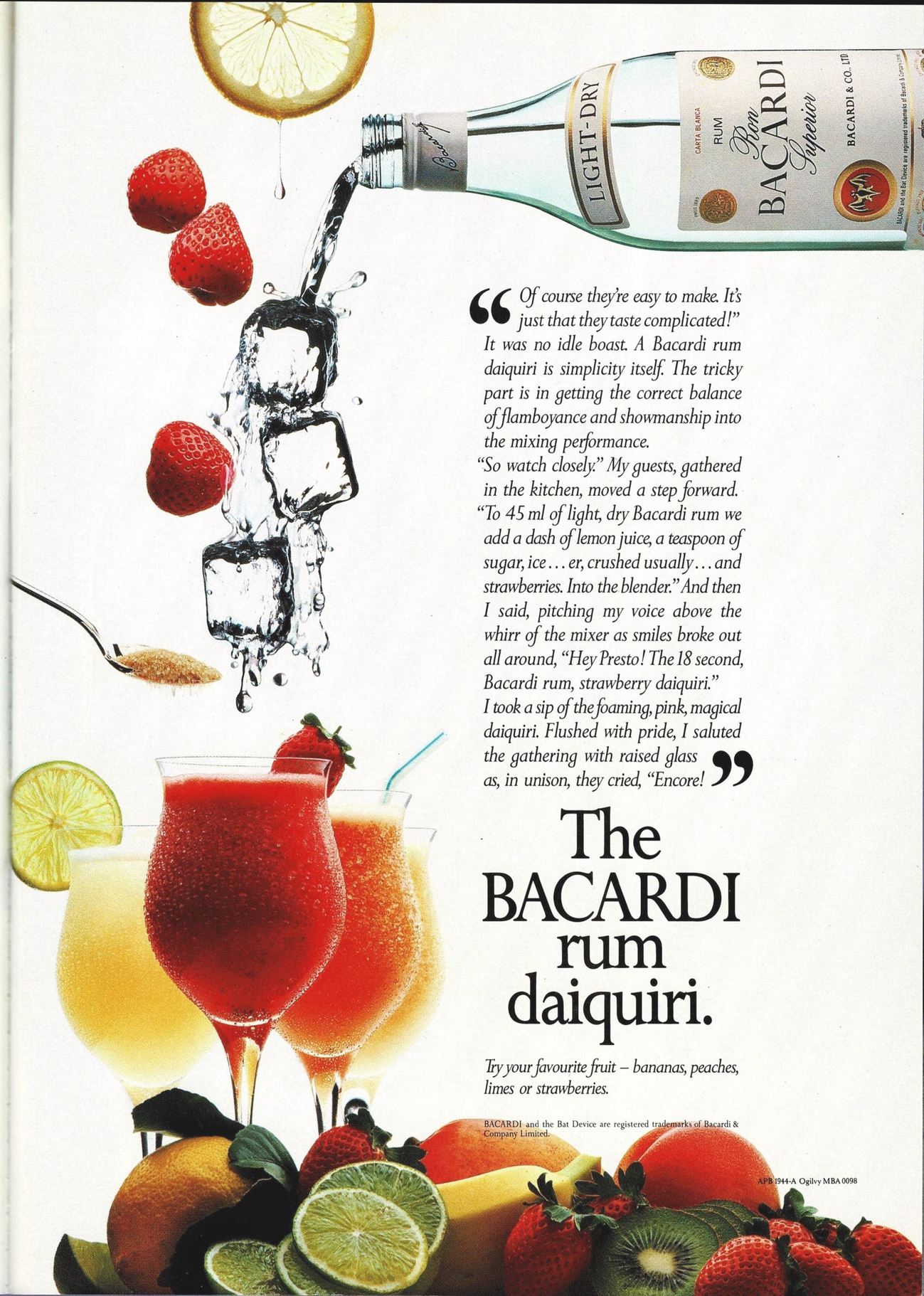
COCA-COLA DOUCHE

Talk to any group of teenagers about contraception and sooner or later someone is bound to mention Coca-Cola. The use of Coca-Cola as a post-intercourse douche is part of adolescent folklore, so much so that Harvard researchers Sharee Umpierre and her colleagues decided to test it out.

They studied the effect of Coke on sperm motility in vitro, even testing and comparing the effects of different Coke formulas. They learnt that Coca-Cola actually does decrease sperm motility. Diet Coke has the greatest effect, while "Classic" Coke was about five times more effective than New Coke. The result was not caused by the acidic pH level of Coke, as previously believed, since all three formulas were similar in acidity. The researchers speculate that Coke's "secret formula" may be a factor in its spermicidal action.

But regardless of the cause, douching with anything, including Coke, is an extremely unreliable means of contraception because the sperm make their way into the fallopian tubes in a matter of minutes. The other danger is a squirt of fizzy Coke could force liquid up into the uterus which can be very dangerous.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.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